

V. 15 #4

Screenland



CLARA BOW,

Painted by Anita Parkhurst

*Refreshing as cool water
and fresh mint*



LIFE SAVER Fruit Drops
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Hobart Bosworth
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Jacqueline
Logan
as "Mary"

Richard Arlen
as "John Sheve"

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The People—an evil-crazed captain, a bestial mate, the barely human riffraff of the fo'castle—a man of mystery, with a sinister motive—a brave young lover, daring death and worse—and a woman, beautiful, desirable, in constant terror, despair—and hope.

The Actors—Hobart Bosworth gives an even greater characterization than those in "The Sea Wolf" and "Behind the Door"; Jacqueline Logan, whose portrayal of Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings" took press and public by storm; Richard Arlen (by courtesy of Paramount), and an all-star supporting cast.

The Director—George Seitz—a genius in cinema art; and

The Company—COLUMBIA PICTURES which will present "The Blood Ship" as the first of the Perfect Thirty pictures for the coming season.

The Perfect Thirty

***THE BLOOD SHIP**
Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen.
(Courtesy Paramount).

***ALIAS THE LONE WOLF**
By Louis Joseph Vance.
Featuring Bert Lytell.

***SALLY IN OUR ALLEY**
Featuring Shirley Mason.

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A sensational story by Jack Lait.
MODERN MOTHERS
By Rachel Crothers. Sets audiences aflame with excitement.

LADY RAFFLES
By Alfred Henry Lewis.
Featuring Priscilla Dean.
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By Pierre Dumond, who knows the ladies that gentlemen prefer.

SPORTING AGE
By Charles K. Tennant. A romance of life in high gear.

STAGE KISSES
By George Bronson Howard. A story of love fakers of both sexes.

SO THIS IS LOVE
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THE COLLEGE HERO
By Willard Mack, author of "The Noose" and "Tiger Rose."

***FORGOTTEN WOMEN**
By Louella Parsons.

***SAY IT WITH SABLES**
By Dorothy Howell.

***SAN FRANCISCO**
Featuring Betty Compson in a society-underworld spectacle.

BY WHOSE HAND
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FASHION MADNESS
A story with a startling climax.

BRIDGE
Timely in theme and treatment.

GOLF WIDOWS
By Henry Clayton Cooper. A story of golfers and golfers' wives.

THE SIREN
Featuring Priscilla Dean in a mystery drama.

AFTER THE STORM
Opens wide the floodgates of human emotions.

***THE ADVENTURES**
By Frances Marion.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS
A rollicking drama of marital complications.

BROADWAY DADDIES
A drama of maids, men and morals.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG
By Octavus Roy Cohen. Saturday Evening Post Writer.

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An entertaining and highly diverting story of those who have—and haven't—IT.

***THE OPENING NIGHT**
By Owen Davis. Author of "The Nervous Wreck," "The Donovan Affair."

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Gripping mystery drama by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the master of melodrama.

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Featuring Priscilla Dean in another Alfred Henry Lewis story with a startling plot.

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as "Fitzgibbons"

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SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.



SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

August, 1927

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XV, No. 4

Eliot Keen, Editor

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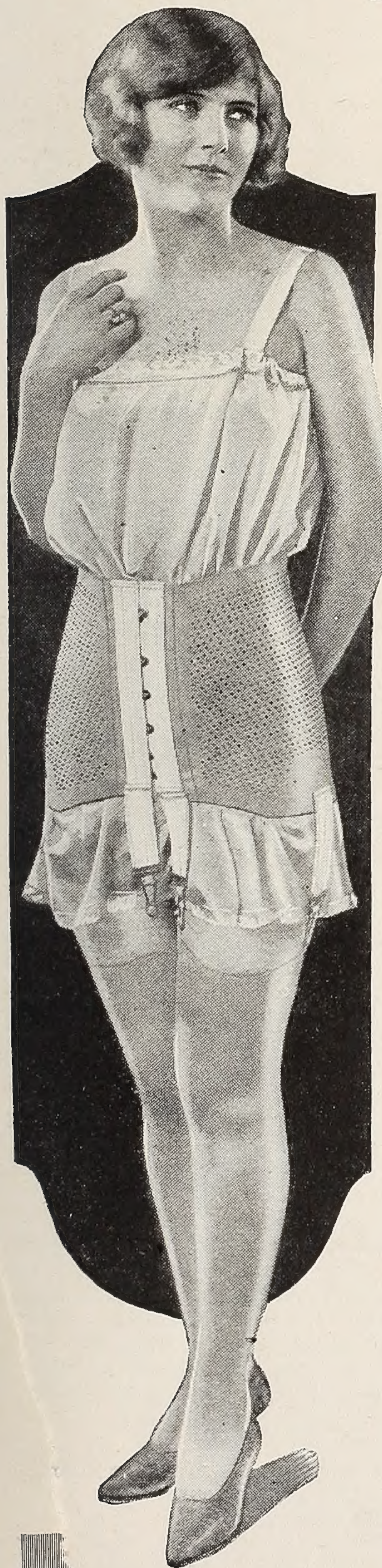
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DOLORES COSTELLO'S VANITY CASE FREE. PAGE 67

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SCREEN NEWS FROM BROADWAY

CALIFORNIA may be the production centre, but Manhattan continues to call the players for pleasure and "location". The Algonquin and environs has been thrilled to the marrow, with Jetta Goudal, Virginia Valli, King and Eleanor Vidor, and James Murray in its midst—to mention only a few.

Jetta came east for a vacation; and if you could have caught a glimpse of this lovely lady as she lunched, garbed in dead white—the cutest little cap in lieu of a hat, and the only note of color contributed by a crimson lip-stick—you would agree that Mlle. Goudal is even more fascinating off than on the screen. Besides, there's that alluring accent. Jetta stayed as long as she dared, with the studio wiring her please, please to come back and get to work.

Virginia Valli spends almost as much time in the east as in Hollywood. This time, she came on business, to play opposite George O'Brien in "East Side, West Side", at the Fox studios on Tenth Avenue, Allan Dwan, directing. Virginia has entirely recovered from the loss of her appendix, and says she doesn't miss it at all. Virginia hasn't changed much from the nice girl we used to know when screen jobs were scarce around New York. We knew her "when", and the biggest compliment we can pay her is that she hasn't forgotten those early days of struggle. Perhaps we should add that, if possible, she's prettier.

George O'Brien brought his trainer with him. You know George is an athlete second to none, and not only before the camera. He has his daily "work out", and keeping in condition is fun for him. Suspect that's the reason he likes picture work; it gives him a chance to stage boxing bouts, and get paid for it.

Lois Moran and her mother played hookey from work long enough to hop on a train for old man Knickerbocker's little village, where they proceeded to shop and do the plays to their heart's content. Lois has blossomed into an exceedingly smart young star since she first made her hit here. Then she was a rather shy little ingenue, trying her wings. Today, she is one of the highest-salaried featured players in pictures, and has gained immeasurably in poise and prettiness, thanks to a charming mother and her own common sense. She deserves all the big parts that come her way. We hear that the great John Barrymore has manifested keen interest in Lois's artistic future. Maybe she will play opposite John some time.

King Vidor says his ambition is to be pointed out as anyone but "the director of 'The Big Parade'". He's trying to live



Claudette Colbert—
from her stage hit in
"The Barker" makes
her screen debut in
"Hell's Kitchen".

down his reputation as the director of that masterpiece. He believes in progress; that's why he is putting the best he has into "The Crowd". When he came to New York this time, he was talking to his big boss, Marcus Loew. "Mr. Loew", said King Vidor, "you and I have got to try to forget there ever was such a picture as 'The Big Parade'." "Why should I forget it?" retorted the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Look at the pleasant memories it brings me." The war picture is in its second year on Broadway and is breaking records everywhere.

Mrs. Vidor—Eleanor Boardman—is a Philadelphia girl. She is positively conspicuous for her unassuming, unadorned beauty. Not a speck of make-up does Eleanor use, except before the camera, and then she uses less than most actresses. She dresses distinctively and is altogether an unusual person. But don't leave off your own powder and rouge unless you have Eleanor's perfect complexion.

Bert Lytell was in town, completing a twenty-weeks' vaudeville tour. Bert looks browner and better than ever. But he is through with the varieties for a while, and went back to the Coast to make "Alias the Lone Wolf"—remember Bert was the original Lone Wolf of the screen; and incidentally, to see Claire Windsor. The Lytells are one of the happiest married couples in filmdom, and there's no doubt their reunion was a joyful one.

You'll learn about 'SHEBAS' from her!

JOHN McCORMICK

PRESENTS

**COLLEEN
MOORE**
in
**'NAUGHTY BUT
NICE'**

*If you aim
Sheiks to tame
Learn from screenland's Star—*

*How to hold 'em
When to scold 'em
When to call for Pa—*

*How to pet 'em
Yet not let 'em
Go a bit too far!*

*Neckin's Naughty
But it's Nice—
What's a girl to do?*

*Learn this lesson
'Bout caressin'
That Colleen teaches you!*

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Film stars have arrived in New York with "suites" and imported motors, entourages and publicity. But Larry Kent sprang a new one when he alighted from the train in company with his mother. Mrs. Kent is proud of this promising juvenile, and no wonder; he's a nice, handsome boy. Pathé thinks so, too. That's why the company sent for him to play the lead in a new serial.

Claudette Colbert's screen tests were so highly satisfactory that Bob Kane signed her up for three pictures—just like that. In case it has slipped your mind—Claudette is the beautiful young actress from the "legit", who made such a hit on Broadway in "The Barker". Her debut in the flickers will be as Ben Lyon's leading lady in "Hell's Kitchen". By the way, watch out for another beauty from the speaking stage, Mary Duncan. This young woman appeared with Florence Reed in "The Shanghai Gesture" and darned near stole the show from the popular star. Mary went to California to begin a contract with Fox Films.

You'll see several new "colored" pictures soon. Hope Hampton and company went down to Bermuda where the star appeared in a two-reel natural-color film. Her leading man is Marco Valls, a handsome Latin type who used to be known as Marco Gonzalez. Later, Miss Hampton went to France, where another two-reeler will be made, using the historic gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, which will provide beautiful backgrounds. When she returns, Hope will make a venture into musical comedy.

Percy Marmont seems to be the logical candidate for the big part of the father in "Sorrell and Son", which will be Herbert Brenon's initial production for United Artists. Neil Hamilton may play the son. Mr. Marmont and his family spent a month's vacation in their native England recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, those intrepid travelers, have come back after three years spent in eastern and central

Africa, with no less than two hundred thousand feet of film taken in the jungles, said to be some of the best animal stuff ever "shot" with a camera.

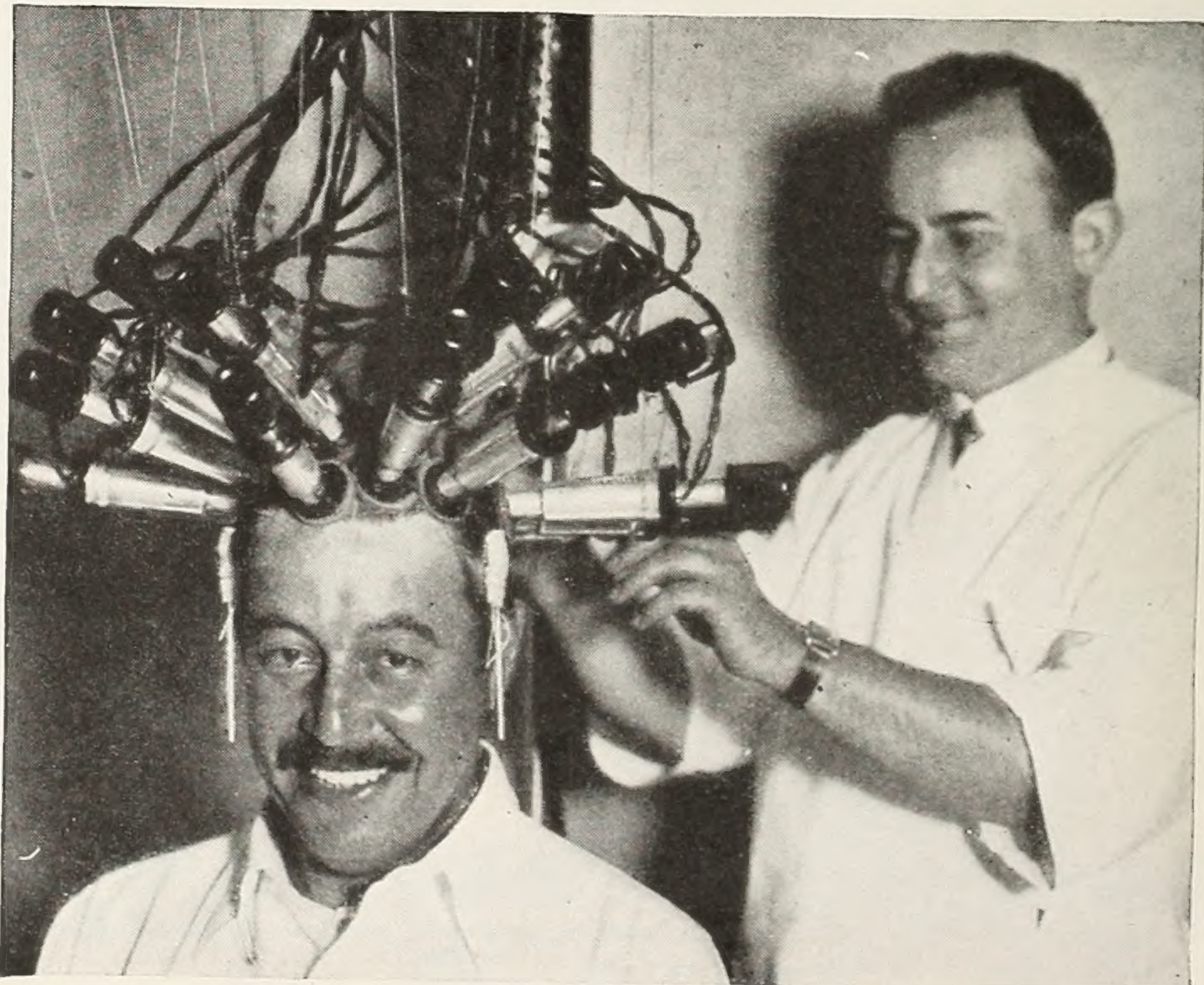
Don't tell a soul, but it looks as if Marilynn Miller may become Mrs. Ben Lyon one of these fine days, despite denials. Marilynn and Jack Pickford are soon to sail for Paris, says the report, where they will seek a divorce, according to rumor. And then—but wait and see.

Speaking of Ben, and we were, weren't we?—he's hard at work punching the bag and dodging fast ones up at the Cosmopolitan Studios where "Hell's Kitchen" is under way. Ben is sparring daily with a professional pugilist to get in shape for some of the rough stuff in this new film-play. The screen boys love to fight, and no faking allowed. Hardly a husky male star who hasn't a trainer to travel right along with him. Screen acting seems to be largely a matter of punching and ducking at the right time, these days.

By the time you read this, the stalwart figure of George Walsh will probably have disappeared from Fifth Avenue and Broadway—worse luck. George has been true to the east for some time, but California is calling. Brother Raoul Walsh, they say, wants George to play in a forthcoming opus on the coast.

A new and beautiful face, augmented by equally beautiful accessories, appeared at the door of George's dining room at the Algonquin the other day. "Who is she?" we asked. "Claire Windsor, Mary Pickford—?" Neither—but Dorothy Hall, who made her screen bow recently in a George Walsh picture, and will continue to combine stage and screen work if all goes well. She's young, and blonde. Look out for her.

Tony Moreno and Mrs. Moreno returned from Europe. Tony spent most of his time in a London studio, playing with Dorothy Gish in "Madame Pompadour". But Mrs. Moreno turned the trip into a pleasure jaunt and spent some time in Paris—yes, (Continued on page 99)



Warner Oland needed curly hair for his part in "What Happened to Father"—Therefore his visit to the beauty parlor.



Suddenly I Broke Away and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*—a book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast—a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps.

At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup—that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for that free book. I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most successful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success.

As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggressiveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meeting when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new policy.

Three months previously, the forces of indecision, timidity, and inability to talk in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 15-minute daily training at

home had taught me to forget myself and think only of my subject. Almost automatically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with a silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferences, luncheons, banquets, etc.,

as a popular after dinner speaker. And my talents are not confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worthwhile people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that wonderful little free book *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

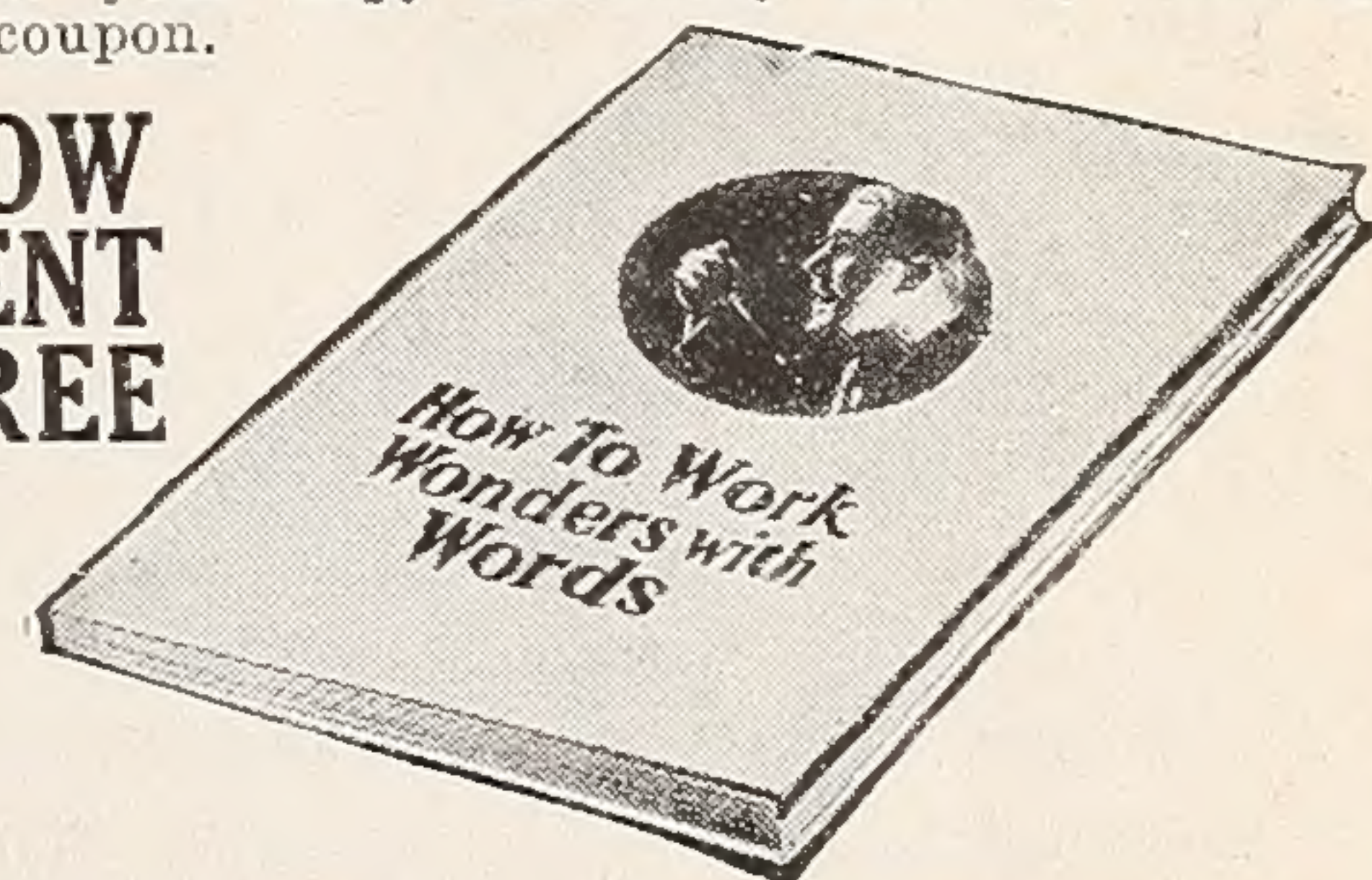
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WHAT'S DOING IN TIMES SQUARE

By Helen Ludlam



☞ Vilma Banky gives the studio lion a whiff of Hungarian goulash.

MONKEYS seem to hold Broadway these days. Beginning with the Colony Theatre at 53rd Street that is showing Syd Chaplin in "The Missing Link" we find a window given over to several small monkeys disporting themselves amid a tropical setting. A ladder hangs from an outjutting limb and at any hour of the day or night that one passes, the pedestrian is put to it to push his way through the crowd watching the antics of these fascinating little animals. One wonders when they sleep.

Then comes Warner's Theatre still running "When a Man Loves" with John Barrymore and Dolores Costello and almost across the way the Capitol is showing Marion Davies in "Tillie the Toiler". For two weeks previous to this Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree held the fort with "Mr. Wu". At the Rivoli "Chang" is still breaking all records. And there's a monkey there too. Little Bimbo's face looks out at one from the display cases, but appealing as it is it gives little promise of the humor to be found in "Chang".

The Roxy is having a run of Fox pictures lately—last week it was "The Cradle Snatchers"—this week the witchery of Alma Rubens haunts that theatre in "The Heart of Salome". The very beautiful Cathedral Male Quartet is being held over.

The radiant beauty of Billie Dove suffuses

"The Tender Hour" at the Strand Theatre this week. The two weeks previous "Resurrection" was shown with Rod La Rocque and Dolores Del Rio.

"Rookies" with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur is making Loew's State a merry place while "The Rough Riders" are taking their last trip this evening at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre.

"The Big Parade" at the Astor seems to be the "Abie's Irish Rose" of the movies if one can judge by the length of the run. To be sure The Stallings-Vidor-Adoree-Gilbert masterpiece has run only two years against Abie's five, but then "The Big Parade" is still going strong whereas Abie is announcing his last ten weeks—at last.

"Seventh Heaven" is causing a line at the Sam Harris Theatre. The excitement is mainly over the appealing Janet Gaynor and handsome Charles Farrell and their excellent team work.

At the Paramount Clara Bow knocked them out in "Rough House Rosie" one week, Dolores Costello appeared in "A Million Bid" the next and Lois Moran is now fluttering through "The Whirlwind of Youth".

Broadway is always crowded at this season with its own

returned troupings children. Times Square blossoms with lemon, orange and pineappleade stands and the picture theatre managers are dusting off their cooling system machines and hanging out pictures of Lindy.



☞ If these signs announcing "The King of Kings" were the only ones on Broadway there would still be enough light to guide the traveller for more than a mile.

THE BIG PARADE OF STARS

IN THE YEAR OF "THE BIG PARADE" AND "BEN HUR"



WILLIAM HAINES

The Man of Destiny!

ONE conquest after another—to the top of his field in a year and a half! And now in—"Spring Fever"—Haines displays his amazing versatility by playing prize-winning golf. You remember his dashing plunges through the line in "Brown of Harvard". And his immortal home-run in "Slide Kelly Slide". In his new role, he crashes a snooty country club, swings a mean driver and walks off calmly with a beautiful heiress. Haines has that self-confidence and undeniable skill that everybody—yourself included—loves and envies. Don't miss "Spring Fever". It's another M-G-M masterpiece!

The Big Parade of Stars

JOHN GILBERT, NORMA SHEARER, MARION DAVIES
LON CHANEY, GRETA GARBO, RAMON NOVARRO
LILLIAN GISH, JACKIE COOGAN, KARL DANE
AND GEORGE K. ARTHUR, TIM MCCOY
LEW CODY AND AILEEN PRINGLE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"



The big gun of the screen

How Keen a Movie Mind Have You?

Win one of these rare prizes!

THE motion picture is as much a part of modern life as the automobile or eating or sleeping. It isn't enough to see motion pictures. You ought to *know* something about them—and be able to talk intelligently about them.

For the best answers to my questions below from a man, I am going to give the handsome Chinese slippers I wore in "Mr. Wu". And Renee Adoree will present to the author of the best answers from a woman the stunning jade bracelets she wore in the same picture. Both winners will also receive \$50 in cash. And for the next 50 best sets of answers I will send my favorite portrait especially autographed.

Keen eyes and keen wits! Here's hoping you have them!

Lon Chaney.

Lon Chaney's Six Questions!

- 1 What is the meaning of "Metro"?
- 2 What M-G-M players will appear as starring teams next season and in what types of pictures?
- 3 What are the story subjects of "The Crowd"—"Slide Kelly Slide"—"Annie Laurie"—"Trail of '98"?
- 4 What M-G-M picture has contributed most to the uplift of motion picture standards—and how? (Not over 100 words).
- 5 What was the ancient Chinese ritual expounded in "Mr. Wu"?
- 6 Name the various sources from which M-G-M obtain their picture story material.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York**. All answers must be received by August 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Ramon Novarro Contest of May

MISS GLADYS ANN WAGSTAFF
359-3rd Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah

GEORGE E. SHEWELL
473 West King Street York, Pa.
Autographed pictures of Ramon Novarro have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



Make Your Skin Ivory-white

in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW... a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low Price...Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. SC-8, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM
Lotion FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. SC-8 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name

Address

Books for FANS

Harry Pollard, the director, asks that a cast be suggested for "Show Boat" which will be commenced in September.



Edna Ferber's "SHOW BOAT" *is an inspiration to me.*

By Harry Pollard

THE eyes of the world are turned upon that mysterious, beautiful, envious mistress of the Middle West—the Mississippi River. "Show Boat", a fascinating story of that river can now be filmed with a clearer understanding of the possibilities and a better appreciation of its universal appeal.

A few fiction writers have taken the Mississippi as their locale, but it took Edna Ferber to put it over in all its picturesque beauty.

The majority of people now are wont to think of the river region as a drab, dull, uninteresting place. Once it was a recreation ground for fashion and the beauties of the day. Upon its smiling bosom it nursed the revelry of the period and with equal prodigality nourished the land for miles around. We hear of its restless fury only, but its moods are many and varied and those living upon its bounty watch, lest while it is still smiling its fury breaks.

In "Show Boat" the river, in reality, is the heroine. Behind everything the characters do the river guides them, exhorts them, chastens them, destroys them.

Courting the favor of their mistress, the river Captain and his family shape their lives according to her smile or her frown. And when a sudden whim that could not be foreseen lashes her into a rage, upsetting their plans, all that the little family can do is to cling together and make the best of it—and the best of it is to have barely saved the life of Magnolia Ravel.

Only Magnolia, mysterious and magnifi-

cent as the river that had cradled her, could see humor in the situation. As her husband bent low he heard the words breathed through white, pain-twisted lips, "She fooled 'em!" And Ravel knew that his young wife was not referring to their new born infant, but to the river.

Everyone knows of the majesty of Niagara Falls; comparatively few know the lure of the Mississippi, and that is what I want to feature in "Show Boat"; that and the gripping, vital love story that it holds.

It is my good fortune to be selected to transfer, as clearly as possible, this lovely story to the screen when I have completed "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

When a quarter of a million people have purchased copies of this book, it is conservative to estimate that it will have been read by several million people by the time the picture is ready for public showing. The least that can be done for those who have lived and loved the characters, even for so short a time as it requires to read a book, is to make them live again. Being distinctly drawn this might, at first, seem an easy task. It is not.

When we in the motion picture profession read a book we consciously, or possibly subconsciously, picture in our minds the players with whose performances we are familiar, occupying the parts of the various characters. This probably is true of those outside of the business but I am not in a position to vouch for that. If it is true—then I would certainly appreciate suggestions from those who have read the book.

To me, Ravel suggests Norman Kerry. John Gilbert is also the type. Martha Mattox in the part of Parthenia Ann Hawks appears quite distinct. Raymond Hatton for the part of Cap'n Andy. Magnolia is more difficult to select. Pauline Starke, Mary Philbin, Marian Nixon, and June Marlowe followed each other in rapid succession during my reading. Strange to say the slightly less important characters present a wider range of players. Julie suggests Gertrude Astor or Betty Compson; The river pilot, George Siegmann or Wallace Beery; Ellie, Vivian Oakland or Gertrude Astor; Schultz, Jean Hersholt or Lucien Littlefield and Steve, Forrest Stanley or possibly Ford Sterling.

There is a tentative cast.

I am more than willing to divide the responsibility of casting this story with the readers of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE. It will not be possible for me to start production before, probably, September. I can assure you that I will give careful thought to any suggestions that are addressed to me care of SCREENLAND, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Anna Q. Nilsson searching for the missing papers pertainin' to the case. "Sorrel and Son" will be her next activity.

Vacation Means Recreation and Pleasure

Give your mind a VACATION by reading some good books NOW! These books are light reading, yet extremely interesting. Many of them have been made into movies which gave us some of our greatest SCREEN SUCCESSES. Old Ironsides, The General, Camille, Resurrection, Beau Geste and others are just a few of these great books that you should not deny yourself the pleasure of reading!

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An appealing story based on the famous opera



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The book which was translated into every language!

The King of Kings
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Captain Blood
Seventh Heaven
Sea Hawk
Scarlet Letter
Quo Vadis
Romola
Sparrows
Stella Dallas
Old Ironsides
The Black Pirate
Ten Commandments
Tess of the Storm Country
Twinkletoes
Volga Boatmen
White Sister
Moby Dick (Sea Beast)
If I Were King (Vagabond King)
The Bat
Sinners in Heaven
Robin Hood
Scaramouche
Cobra
Covered Wagon
Clansman (Birth of a Nation)
La Boheme
If Winter Comes
Within the Law
Return of Peter Grimm
Reckless Lady
Music Master



THE KING OF KINGS
Carries a message of the highest spiritual appeal



SCARLET LETTER
Hawthorne's Masterpiece



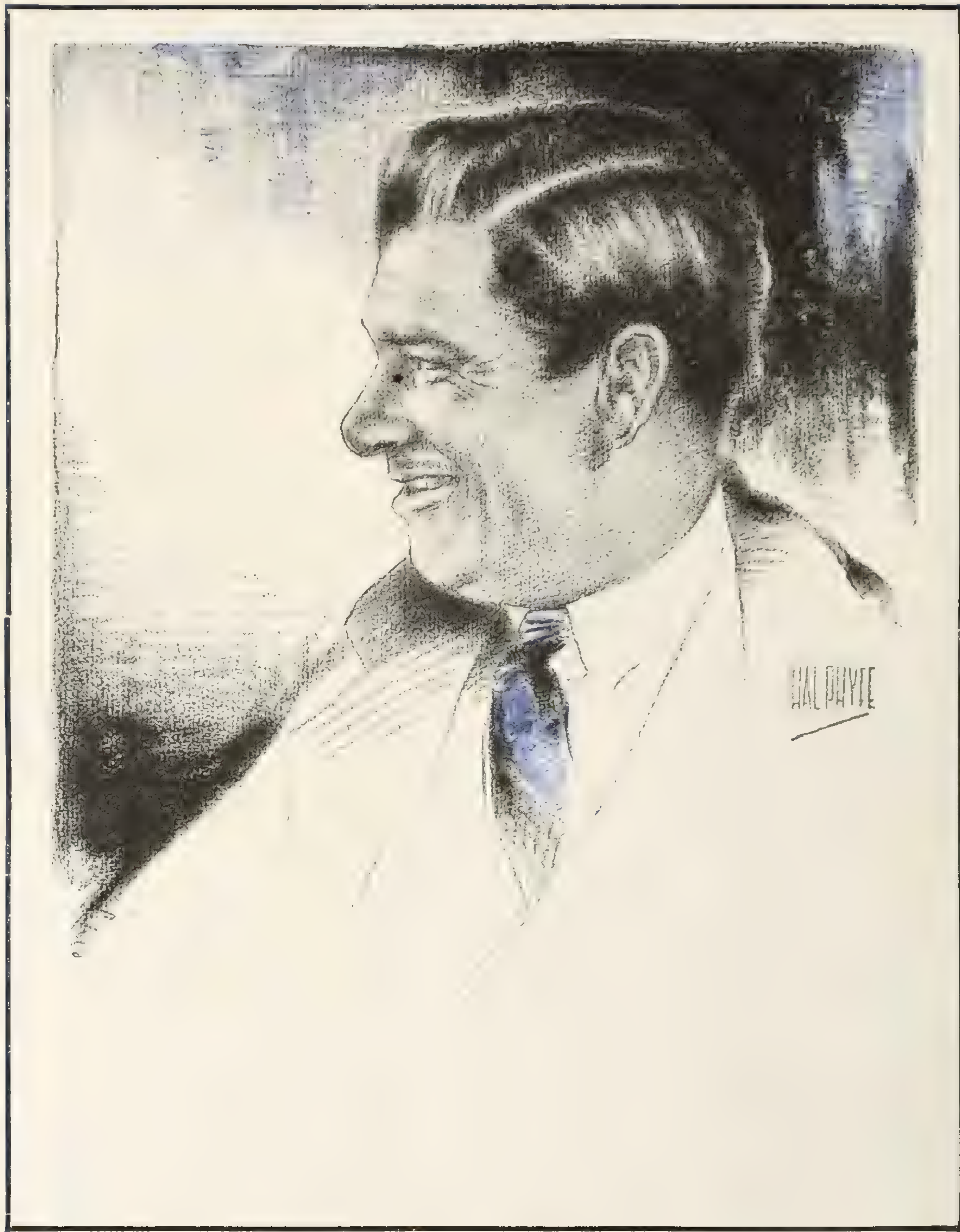
BEAU GESTE
A remarkable story of the French Foreign Legion

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE (Book Dept.) Desk 5
49 West 45th Street, New York City.

I enclose \$.....for which please send me.....

Name.....

Address.....



BANCROFT

SCREENLAND

August 1927

George Bancroft

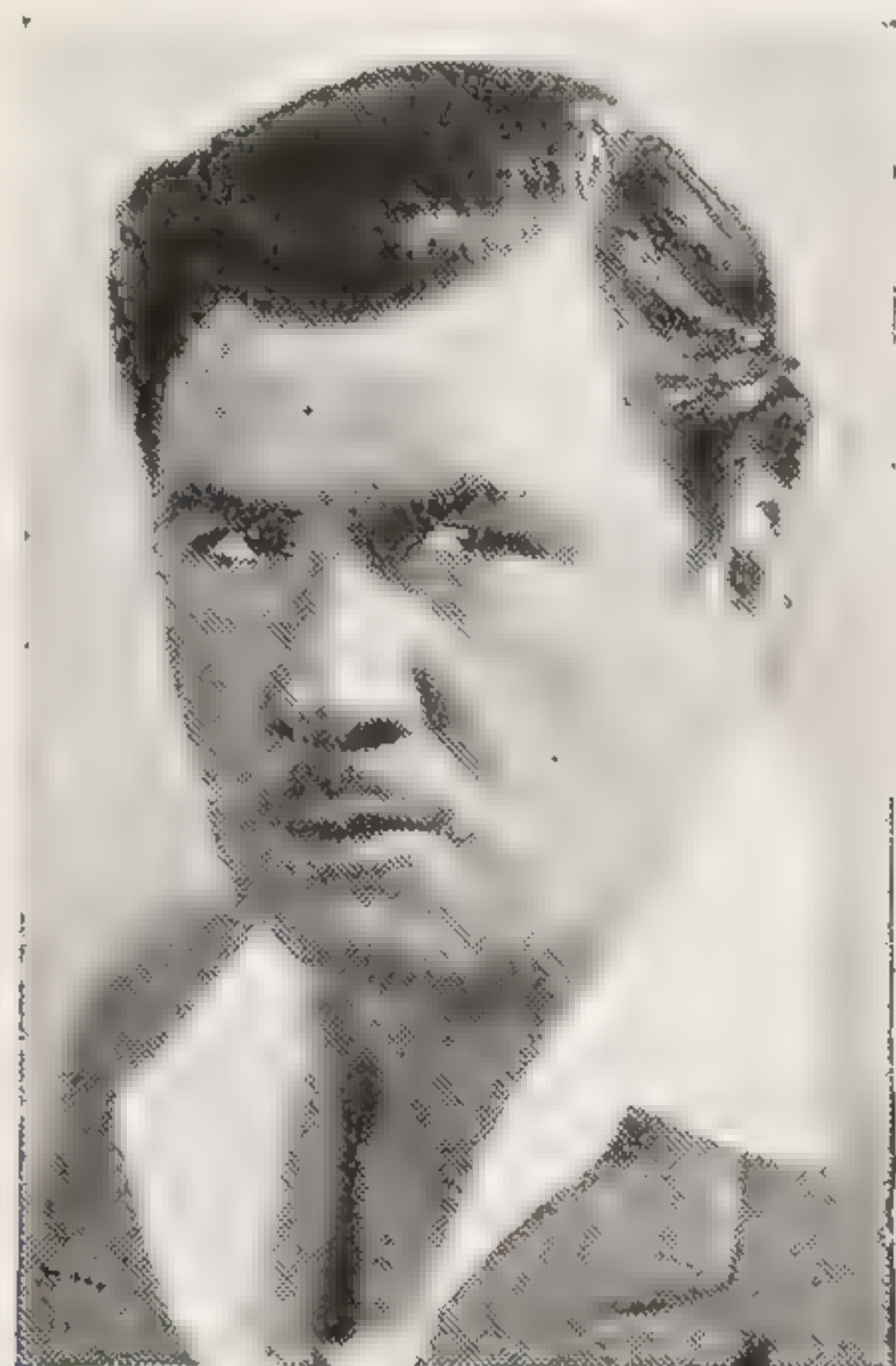


Do you remember "The Pony Express"? If you do then George Bancroft is plainly in your mind.

He was Slade the villain, and a mean villain at that. It was one of the best performances of the year. Then right in his stride George Bancroft took comedy parts and put them over.

Now here he is on Broadway in three different theatres at one time. They are all great shows and he is at least half of each of them.

"Rough Riders", "Old Ironsides" and "White Gold" all at once and you know what that means—why the Honor Page of course and good luck to you George Bancroft!



George Bancroft is next to be starred in "Tell It To Sweeney".



George Bancroft in genial mood in "Underworld". Make no mistake George is going up not going down.

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE



☞ Pretending fun in a scene from "Rolled Stockings".

Out of the CROWD

An Editorial by Eliot Keen



☞ Lon Chaney is seldom photographed out of character

THE two illustrations here are scenes from different pictures — and with what a difference!

One scene is happy, gay, joyous life and the other the grim machine-like grind of industrial slavery. Perhaps your life is a job, regular hours, negligible honors and niggardly pay. And perhaps you envy the life of a Hollywood extra, romping with laughter and jostling gaiety through happy days.

But if you were an extra and passed through the studio gate each morning you would find on the lot the same problem that is now yours.

You have got to stand out of the crowd.

Lon Chaney, in the days when he was only an extra, used to spend three hours putting on his make up. He realized that his success depended upon his ability to stand out of the mob.

Your success is the measure of your individuality.



☞ A scene from King Vidor's great effort called "The Crowd". Vidor is the screen's first philosopher.



☞ The famous flier at the Long Island field before he took his two sandwiches and left for Europe.

THE ACE of the "WEEKLIES"

Charles A. Lindbergh—

"LINDY"

☞ These illustrations are clippings from the Pathe News which brought Lindy's charming personality to millions.



☞ Charles A. Lindbergh after receiving the Legion of Honor medal with President Doumergue of France and Ambassador Herrick.



☞ The night the "Spirit of St. Louis" descended on Le Bourget Field thousands welcomed him.



☞ A closeup of Lindy while all Paris was cheering.

THE glorious flight of Charles Lindbergh brought down from the skies new enthusiasm for good, clean, decent and daring life. He gave to every truth a living example and to every business an impetus. To this one, the movies, particularly he has brought a soaring boom.

"Lindy" has not yet signed to make a film but he has already broken all screen records. The Pathe News never made a film so much in demand as the scenes taken of him and his plane and these and other Weeklies made his slim figure and slow boyish smile intimate and beloved.

Pathe News printed 600,000 feet of positive—up to the showing of his arrival in Paris that would require about 105 hours of constant projection—about a hundred and thirteen miles of film.

Lindbergh's landing at Le Bourget preceded by but a few days his landing on every one of the 17,000 screens of this country. He achieved the suddenest as well as the greatest fame ever won, and what this industry did to spread this fame was his by well won right. He may refuse to be a movie star but he will always be in the cast of the News Weeklies.

There is something awe inspiring in this latest triumph of good in our often sordid universe and in the wholesome fashion in which the boys and girls have made him their ideal. Even those whose great days are in the past look to the miracle of Charles Lindbergh as a message to strengthen their faith and they feel with the poet Bryant—

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

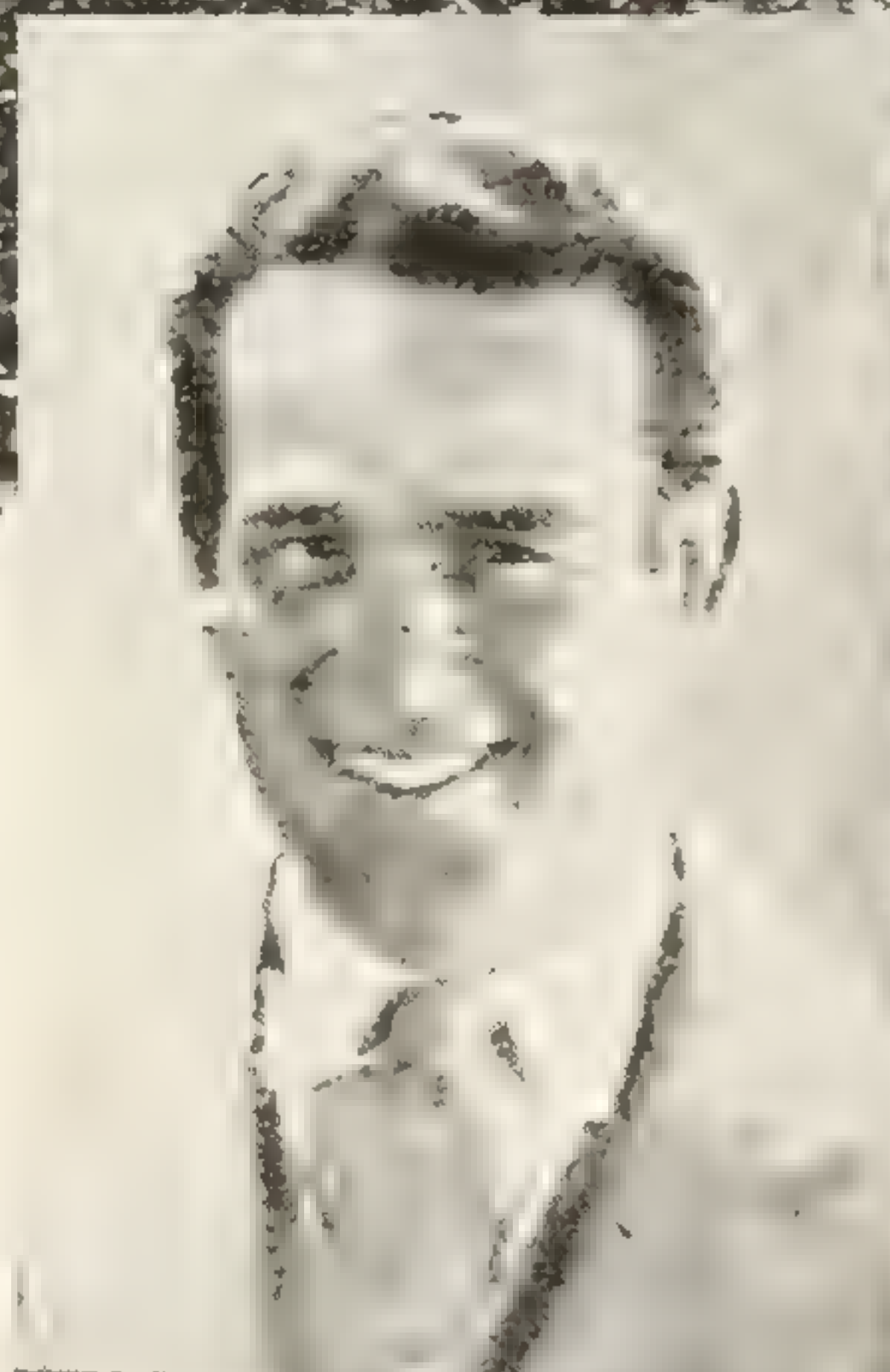
OFF SCREEN



☞ Ramon Novarro
—one of the most
fascinating boys I
ever met—says
Rob Wagner.



☞ Harold Lloyd's
make up hides
his real self.



☞ Kathlyn
Williams
"More
than beauty—
she has charm"
Marc MacDermott.



fish, but he was not
Irene.

The others assigned
—without any par-
ticular rhyme or reason—to "36" were
Marc MacDermott, that fine character
actor who began way back in the Edison days, Dorothy
Farnum, one of the brightest scenario writers in the game,
Ramon Novarro, as charmingly intelligent as he is good
looking, and Adela Rogers St. Johns, who writes so splen-
didly of the mummings of Movieland.

Naturally we noted the pretty girls first, and after

THE newspapers referred to it as
"The greatest galaxy of motion
picture celebrities ever gathered
in one place". Well, I guess that's
true, for there were 199 of them and the
writer, all feeding their more or less cele-
brated faces at one and the same time in
the Grand Ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel.
As this was to end in a very serious busi-
ness meeting the wives and husbands of
the "celebrities" weren't invited, but wish-
ing to be seen with some one as good
looking as my particular slave driver I
had invited Irene Rich to be my banquet-
ing side-kick.

But, alas, I was denied the vanity of her reflected beauty,
for we were separated at the door and seated according
to numbers. Irene was placed at a table with several very
plain men and I was sent to another one and drew for
her substitute that great, abyssmal brute of the screen—
Victor MacLaglen! Vic is a handsome egg in soup-and-

CHARM *By* ROB WAGNER



☞ The famous garden of Ernst Lubitsch—the meeting place of the motion picture intelligencia.



☞ Rob Wagner likes to be with Irene Rich and indulge in the vanity of her reflected beauty.

☞ *Did you know that some of the screen players have an entirely different personality off the screen? Read Bob Wagner's description — He knows.*

rubbering all over that brilliant assemblage, whom do you think, of those we could see,—Irene had her back to

us—we decided was the handsomest woman there?

Mary? Gloria? Norma? No. They all got big votes, but the one who got the unanimous decision was Kathlyn Williams! Kathlyn, who fifteen years ago used to subdue the Selig lions with her courage and radiant smile, but who now is seen only too rarely on the screen. Yes, sir, from the 36th hole, at least, Kathlyn

Williams won the big beauty prize. "But she has more than beauty," declared Marc, "she has charm."

And his remark set me to wondering about this elusive thing called charm. To what degree does it register on the screen? You may be sure that all of our successes have it, whether it shows in their personalities or merely in their work.

Take Harold Lloyd for instance. His screen personality is almost wholly lacking in charm. He admits it and it distresses him, for he thinks that he doesn't possess it. But he does, abundantly. It's his makeup that hides it.



☞ Mabel Normand is without doubt the most popular girl in movieland.

One of the most retiring—one might almost say bashful—boys of the films, he has a most winsome off-screen personality that is utterly impossible to project through those goofy spectacles and his pasty makeup. His charm, therefore, must express itself in his work, which is always joyous, wholesome and exceedingly clever. Nor would his native refinement permit him to do a crude, vulgar or offensive thing, just to get a laugh. I hope some day he will abandon his screen character and play a boy part straight—just Harold Lloyd.

(Continued on page 90)

The GRAND JURY

By Howard Eliot



☞ When the customers in the back row act like this the picture is just another movie.

☞ Posed specially for Screenland by Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.



☞ The drama holds his interest and she holds his hands.

he grapples the danger-jane, the dynamite debbie, by his side.

For you must realize you are dealing now with a reckless romanticist—a guy who not only knows what he wants but who has her with him. He is the philologist who put the sin in cinema.

Therefore if you wish to know whether a picture is a masterpiece of art and a goulash of glory look upon this dusky shape in the back where mystic shadows softly wreath their ebon spell and only man is vile. Here the truths concerning the picture are clearly seen even though the fused mass of cosmic urge is dimly to be perceived and in this darkened realm their very beings seem necks to nothingness.

If our indicators, the mercurial red hot mama and the student of comparative thrills are rubbing noses, we may assume the picture is one of those rubber plantation mama-

palaver shots with not an undershirt south of the perfect 36. Or perhaps

it is an historic treatise of the Reverend Squint laying the corner stone of the Firemen's Pinochle Emporium. Apropos of the pose, you look 'em in the eye. You can see how they are going to move their hands. That's what every woman knows as well as other pugnacious individuals.

But when the director can rivet the gaze, hold the attention and drag into the meshes of his plot the mind which is attacked by so many other distractions,—what with seductive surfaces, intoxicating contours and exquisitely alluring curves and textures—then you have a director worthy of the name and a conqueror (Cont. on page 99)

THE attention given to a picture by the moron whose mind under any circumstances is but a vacant vacuum is no guide, criterion or indication of its virtues or qualities for entertainment. To all such a fly on a screen is as absorbing as a super-perfect de luxe production. But you take a man who in turn has taken a girl to a show and now you've got something to work with. There he is in the back row torn between the allure of the girl friend and the alarms of the flicker flashes. He is a bird whose mighty mentality is under terrific tension and all hail to a director who can inveigle such an one's attention to the point where he can grasp the galloping opus with the same lusty verve and dominance with which

in the **LAST ROW**

☞ It's a good picture:
The bliss of romance
suffuses the happy
twain and the ten-
drils of emotion en-
mesh the bewitched
lovers.



☞ Did you ever wish to know how to rate
a "fillum"? Easy. Just give the neckers
parked in the back the once over.

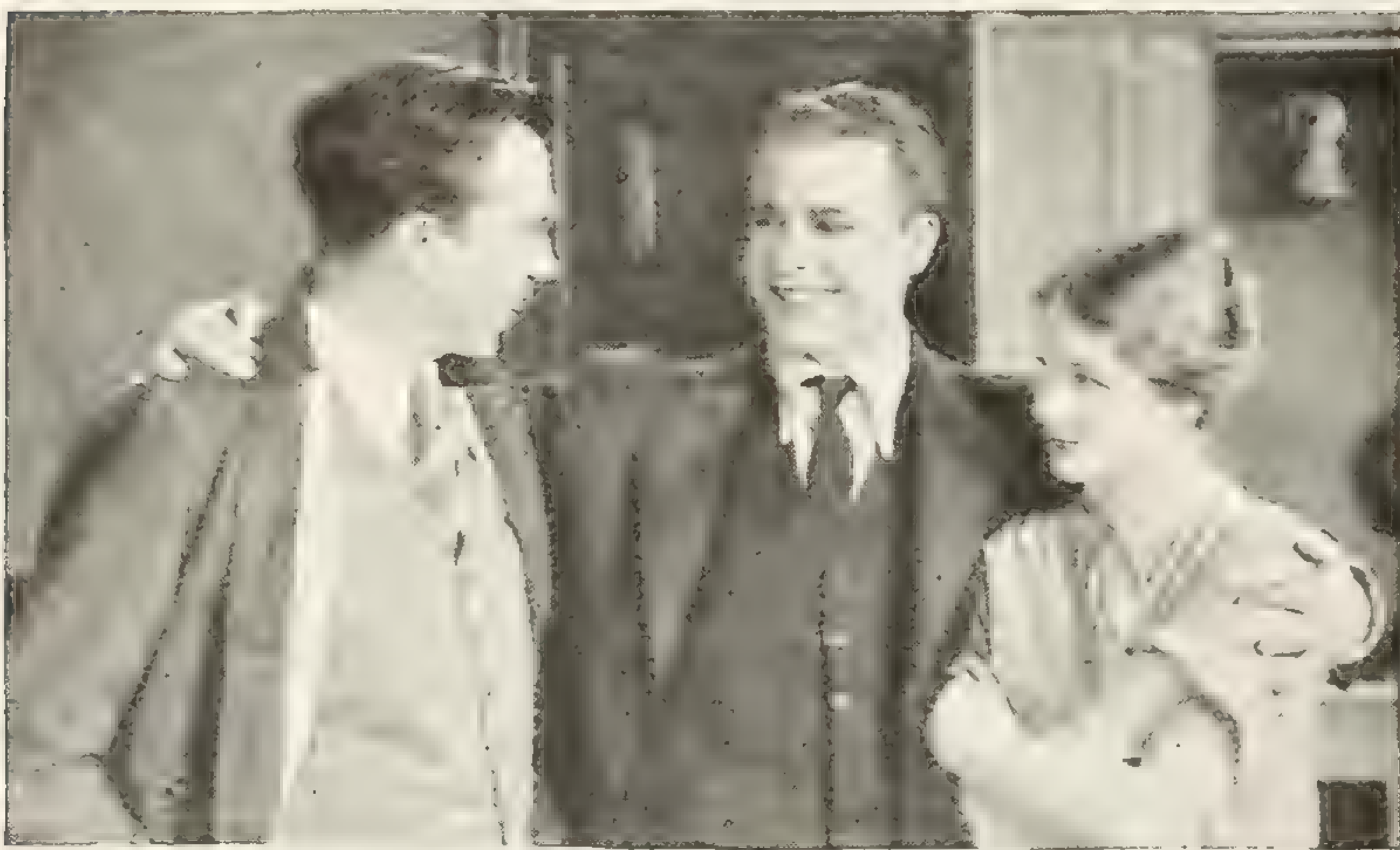


☞ Sunk!

When FAME and FORTUNE



☞ James Murray in the emotional leading part of "The Crowd".



☞ King Vidor, director of this big parade of everyday life, and James Murray and Eleanor Boardman.

I KNOW his hair is curly. But he can't help that. He does his best to make it stay down. Except for the hair, Jimmy Murray might pose as every boy's ideal of what he wants to be like when he grows up. He's having everything his own way these days, and no wonder. Jimmy didn't have to go to the Big City to succeed. No. He was born there in the first place—yes, he's that mysterious Native New Yorker you have heard so much about. The boy was really born right



☞ Eleanor Boardman and James Murray in a dramatic scene.

here in lil' old New York, and grew up and went to school here. But Jimmy Murray left the old hometown and got out to seek his fortune. The fact that his home town happened to be New York City, the mecca of most adventurers, had nothing to do with it. New York as a home town is just like any other old home town. Only it's a little big bigger and a little bit harder to "show". Jimmy Murray had to leave it flat to make it appreciate him. Now he has it at his feet, and he has to laugh.

Came to the Door

James Murray

USHERED

Them In

¶ A year or so ago James Murray was an usher at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

By Delight Evans



¶ He learned to put over his personality through daily intercourse with hundreds of theatre patrons.

in the Algonquin, entirely surrounded by admiring friends, he tried to deny it. "It was a thrill—at first," he sighed. Then his honest blue eyes twinkled, and he added grinning: "And it still is." He's six feet tall, built like a

Oh, he's getting a kick out of this home-coming, all right. When I met him



¶ Jimmie has brought to his work a sense of humor along with his talents.

prize-fighter or a football player. His hair is light brown and naturally marcelled—what you girls wouldn't give for that marcel! His lashes are as long as Greta Garbo's and twice as natural. Just a sex-cessful young man. No wonder people were pointing him out. He's an eyeful. Nothing half as handsome has come the way of the Algonquin young ladies in a long time. Now they know just how their boy-friends must feel at the Follies. But you can't kid the Native New Yorker. Mr. Murray may have been acting, but he certainly registered perfect composure in the lobby. And in the dining-room he ordered, and ate, a huge hunk of apple pie. (Cont. on page 76)

GARY COOPER

Q Only six feet two and already a star. The story of a cowboy and a gentleman.



Q "The Last Outlaw" Company on location when the cattle stampede was made. Gary Cooper, is seated on the platform at the right.

By
William H. Wright

THERE used to be an old Indian trapper on a cattle ranch near Helena, Montana. He had a son, and he used to take his boy and go on long hunting and trapping trips. Sometimes, when he left the ranch house for journeys into places where honest stars shone down on open hills and valleys, he took a white boy with him.

Mike Belgrade was the trapper, half French, half Cree. Mike treated the white boy like his own son. He taught him how to hunt, and how to trap, and how to ride and shoot and track in the Indian fashion. Taught him where to find deer in the mountains, how to skin mountain lions, when to capture coyote pups alive.

But he taught (Cont. on page 84)

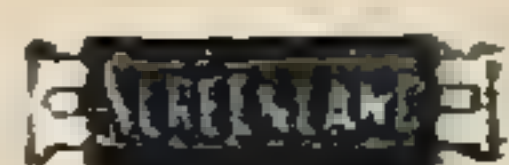


Q Gary Cooper and Betty Jewel in "The Last Outlaw".

Q Gary celebrated his elevation to stardom by giving himself a roadster.



WHOOPIE! — Ride 'em cowboy. Gary
Cooper coming in "*The Last Outlaw*".





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

COLLEEN MOORE AND DONALD REED

in

"Naughty but Nice".

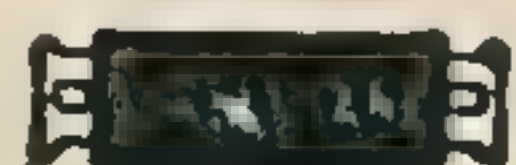
"While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose."

A. MARVELL



THE Best Love Sequence of the Month.
JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FAR-
RELL in "*Seventh Heaven*".

Photograph by Max Mun Autrey





NORMA SHEARER, a delightful combination of vivacity and poise. "*Old Heidelberg*" is her next picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise



The INSIDE on "East Side West Side"

☞ Rivington Street breaks into the silent drama.

"**N**ow, a lotta excitement, folks!" "Get those kids outer there."

"When the cop comes out, run down, see?"

"Get out, I toldjer."

"Way back, way back, WAY BACK!"

"Spread out."

"Lil' girl, come here."

"All ready folks . . ."

Standing on the top step of Lipvitch's tailor shop on Allen Street (on the set in the Fox Studio at 56th Street and 10th Avenue, only you wouldn't know the difference) a young man in shirt sleeves was yelling through a megaphone at the top of his voice. (We are speaking of the Silent Drama.) The young man waved his megaphone like a cheer leader at a big foot ball game . . . His other arm swung about like a semaphore thrown silly on its hinges by a crazy train dispatcher.

"Don't crowd in there."

"Spread out like I toldjer."

Orders like these on any set, before any other bunch of extras would get immediate results, but in "East Side West Side" they meant nothing at all. They were as drops of rain falling silently on Lake Superior. Not till a long, slim, hook-nosed man sprang from the crowd, gesticulated wildly, even more wildly than the young man in shirt sleeves, did anything actually happen. And then it did happen.

The instant he stopped, the crowd went off like a package of giant fire-crackers. You've never seen such fanaticism outside a Red meeting.

Yes, the long slim hook-nosed gent is an interpreter.



☞ George O'Brien as the Ghetto box fighter.

By George Mitchell

Allan Dwan is really directing the picture, but Mister Hook-nose is getting all the fun out of it and as a matter of fact these mob scenes couldn't be made without him. He is the missing link between Dwan and his actors. Also he is a wizard with a megaphone. One word from Dwan to that bunch of Eastsiders and nothing happens. One flick of the yiddish megaphone and the whole Jewish army breaks into enough noise to wreck the Silent Drama.

These Jewish actors (extras) are bears for action. These three hundred Eastsiders give their pound of flesh. You've never seen such enthusiasm.

I saw two big round fat women pawing at each other as they



☞ Virginia Valli, George O'Brien, Felix Rosenberg, the author, Allan Dwan and a pair of "atmospheres".

came hurtling down the street in the midst of the mob. George O'Brien and Dan Wolheim, Louis' brother, had been fighting . . . The women had been told to mix it up . . .

They were certainly mixing it up . . . The scene had been shot. That much of the picture was already history . . . But on they acted and on. A thoughtful assistant director stopped them . . . "Relax a little folks," said he and they went at it all the heavier . . . (Cont. on page 82)

The ADVENTURE

By Dave Forrest



Helen Fairweather. She was in a bathing suit and Mr. Christie recognized her possibilities.



HELEN FAIRWEATHER had often heard her father, a Des Moines minister, mention the parable of the light and the bushel, but now she knows the new version of the saying, and it is that you can't hide your beauty in a bathing suit. Not that Helen was even thinking of hiding anything. She was doing what any other normal Iowa girl would do if she was transplanted in California for a vacation—swimming in the Pacific, lying lazily in the sun on the warm sand, and paying no attention whatever to what the wild waves were saying. Then, presto! Forgotten were the sand and waves and sun, for opportunity had arrived, all due to Helen's bathing suit, chance, and Al Christie.

This is the way it happened. Back at the studio Jack Duffy and his director contemplated the beautiful spring day and agreed that there never



of the MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

*Find the daughter! You can't
tell 'em apart in a bathing suit.*



would be a better one for filming the beach episodes of the comedy they were then working on. The director stepped into the gynasium and asked the girls therein what they would rather do, or go to the beach. Whereupon the young ladies rushed to their dressing rooms to don bathing suits and sailor hats, surely as nautical a get-up as anyone could wish.

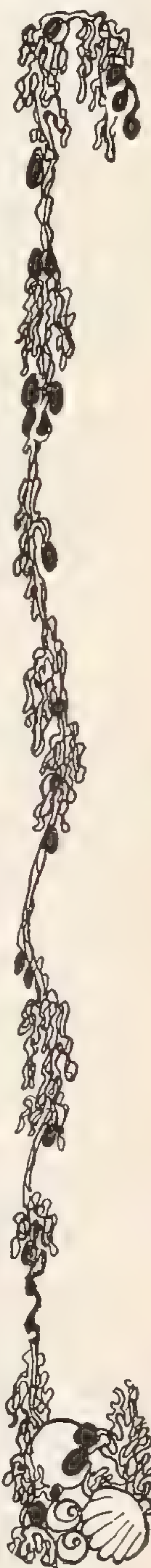
Within an hour the whole company arrived at the beach, that is, they arrived at the ocean's edge but had no particular place picked out as a location. Now this is where chance, or what have you, entered in. With all the Pacific Coast to choose from, the director instructed his helpers to

set up cameras and reflectors on a spot not a hundred feet from the place where Helen Fairweather was enjoying her siesta! Do you wonder that Helen sat up and took notice and looked wide-eyed at the company of movie folk that had chosen this spot for their work?

Of course Jack Duffy had a good deal to do with it. Jack, the spry grandpa with the chin whiskers is never a stranger to anybody, and so when he and the Christie girls began frolicking on the beach in preparation for the scenes to follow, he noticed Helen and invited her to join in the fun.

Ecstasy, chills and

(Cont. on page 96)



Jack Duffy leading the Christie girls in play with Helen Fairweather who just couldn't help joining in.

A Contest of WITS

LOOKS DO NOT COUNT

By
Aileen St. John Brenon

FOR some time past experiments in the psychological laboratory have been made by Victor Halperin, director and co-producer of "Dance Magic", a First National picture, to determine the possibilities of psychoanalysis as applied to the casting of screen players.

"It is far more important to know the inward characteristics of the actor than the outward," Halperin says. "Give me a psychoanalytical chart of an actor and I will create for him a role that will call into play and develop every ounce of talent in him. That is because it will be a natural role, one exactly suited to his temperament and he will be happy doing it."

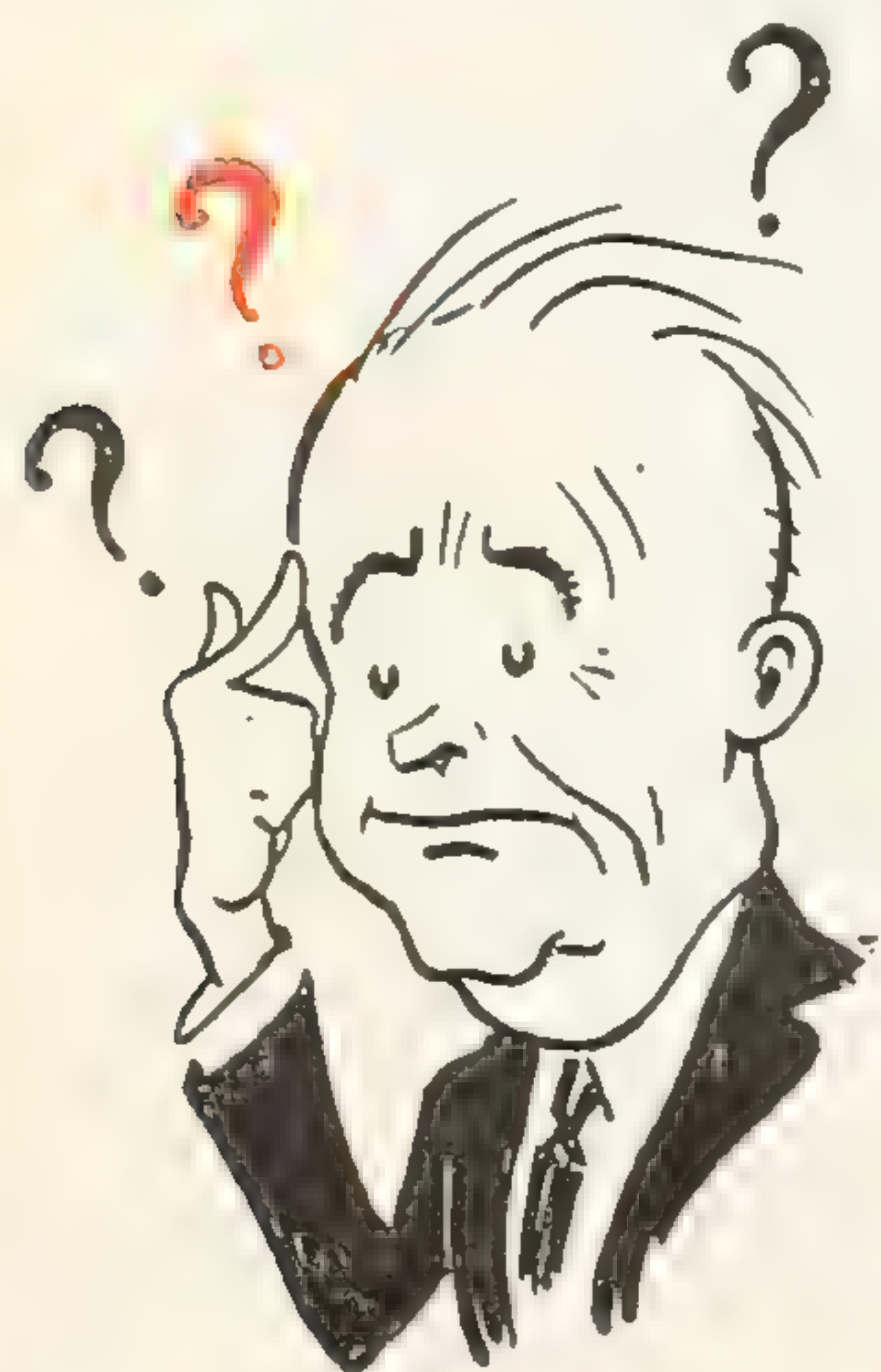
"Brains photograph. Thoughts photograph. The time is coming when every casting director will have along with his file of faces a file of psychological data. Then each player will be perfectly cast."

An example of what Mr. Halperin has been doing will be illustrated in his casting



☞ Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon in "Dance Magic", a film produced by Halperin Brothers in conjunction with Robert Kane Productions.

☞ Here is a chance for the mental giants to break into the movies. You will be judged by your answers to the six test questions. Do not send any photographs.



of Conway Tearle in a recent picture. The leading role in a novel by a well-known English author was offered him. After reading the book, Tearle said he wanted to do the story. Mr. Halperin, however, was not satisfied with Tearle's approval of the part. He gave Tearle a series of tests and studied him mentally. The result was that the characterization of the role was changed almost completely.

Tearle has been known as the chief exponent of "indolent acting." He gets his

for a MOVIE PART or \$500⁰⁰

if you prefer cash



Victor Halperin, associated with his brother Edward Halperin, co-producers of "Dance Magic". They believe screen players should be cast through mentality tests.

IF in the opinion of the producer, the winner does show photographic qualities, then an arrangement will be made for a movie part. If, however, the winner is tested and found lacking in photographic qualities there will be no further obligation upon the part of the producer.

HERE ARE THE SIX QUESTIONS

which you must answer. Your answers will prove your mental calibre and the person turning in the best set of answers will be selected as the winner. Try to make your statements brief and clear, about 100 words for each is the ideal length.

1. If a girl goes to a party with a young man and meets another more appealing to her should she stick to the first or should she try to attract the second?
2. Which owes the greater duty—a parent to a child—or a child to a parent?
3. What would you do if you knew you had only ten minutes to live?
4. If you helped a needy friend and a stranger who required assistance which act would be the more generous?
5. Can we learn more from foreign photoplays than foreigners can learn from ours? State your reasons.
6. Should photoplays be built around stars or around a story with a proper cast?



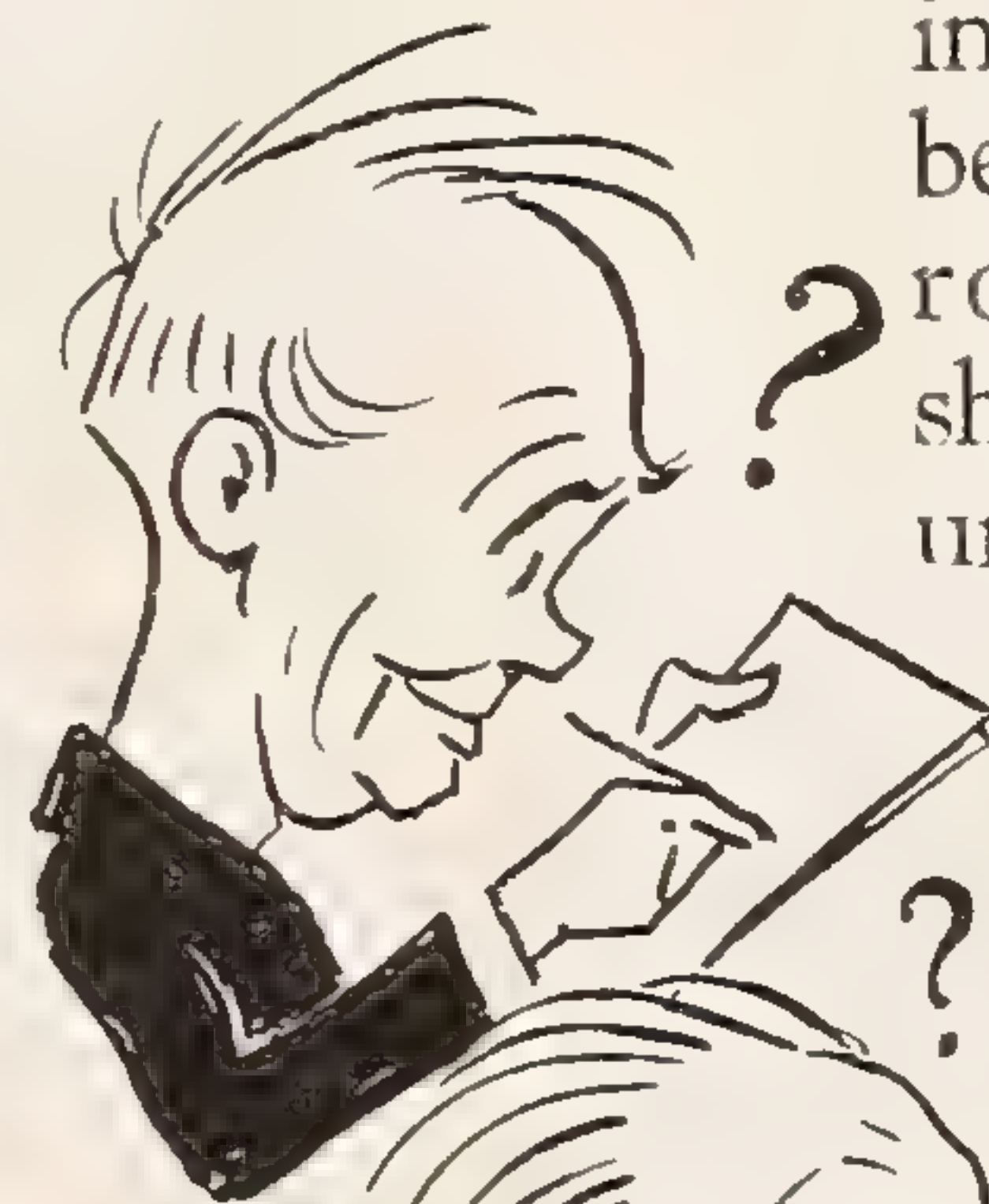
Robert Kane, sponsor of this contest to find the most able mentality to appear in pictures. His latest First National release is "Dance Magic".

THE winner may choose \$500 in cash, or if ambitious for a screen career, railroad fare will be forwarded and upon his arrival in New York the winner will be given a screen test. Proper maintenance while in New York will be supplied and railroad fare home should the test be unsuccessful.



effects through facial expressions alone, and never portrays a role demanding any great emotional stress. Halperin requested him to do a scene where he fights the spirit of his departed friend. Tearle refused to do the scene because he claimed it was not suited to his temperament. After much persuasion he did the scene and then admitted that he had tapped a hidden emotional mine within himself—which Halperin had discovered through his psychoanalysis.

It is Mr. Halperin's belief that by the six questions on this page he can measure the mentalities of the contestants and he also believes that the winner may have a screen future.



Address—

The Halperin-Kane Mentality Contest
c/o SCREENLAND Magazine
49 W. 45th Street, New York City
This contest will close September 15th, 1927

They're Going in for Chins

☞ Lloyd Hughes next in
"The Stolen Bride"
chin and all.



☞ Francis X. Bushman, Jr. in "The Understanding Heart".



☞ Richard Arlen in "Rolled Stockings".



☞ James Murray and the profile that stands out from "The Crowd".



OBVIOUSLY Lloyd Hughes set the fashion, for he is the very Prince of Lovers and the true Defender of the Chinema. We have often yearned for a chin like Lloyd's, a button worthy of Gene Tunney's jab, and a front lawn to inspire Gillette.

Young Bushman shows clearly that in spite of a famous father possession is nine points of the jaw.

Richard Arlen has a contour worthy of the Adonis of Hollywood and is a head liner in Hughes-Who.

And who shall say that Jimmy Murray is not the very acme and ideal of barbers and "babies" alike, who think that Murray Hill was named after Murray's chin.

Be that as it may, where does this rate our own inimitable Raymond Hatton.

☞ "What's to become of me?" asks Raymond Hatton, and we answer. "You'll star probably".

He has created wonderful character parts from wharf rats to Barons giving reality to impossible heroes, and now in comedy his poor dumb boob appeal has gone over in country wide roars of laughter. He's one of the next logical stars. And not a chin to his name!

EXTRA

Lovin'

¶ The casting director and the whole durn family.

By
George Westport



THE Malloys were as nice a little family as ever sat around the old fire side. Dad, Mum and Sally.

Sally was eighteen, pretty, with Irish coloring, full of pep and the enthusiasms of young American flapperdom but good . . . good as water.

But then, Sally was young and pretty and youth must be served with the fruits of life. Sally loved nice things: clothes and hats and good times and Dad's income was sketchy and didn't allow of much fur and feathers and the things that win a young lady's fancy. So her own salary had to be thrown into the balance to placate the mercenary butcher, baker and silk stocking maker.

In consequence Sally was always on the alert to increase her financial standing, jumping from millinery to stenography, from jewelry to haberdashery, meantime making her own things over and over again. Of course they were a little smaller each time but so were the fashions and a good thing too.

Then one day Sally met a girl friend who used to have a hard time making week ends meet. As a matter of fact she had difficulty holding down a ten dollar a week job in a Drug Store and behold she looked like an ad in a feminine

¶ Making her own things over and over again. Of course, they were a little smaller each time but so were the fashions.

the blush of self consciousness to a rabbit . . . "Come on over to Long Island," said she, "and I'll work you in on a mob scene. Me and Old Eagle Eye, the castin' director, is like that," and she held up two fingers close together "They're doing Louey the Nineteenth or some-

thin' and need a bunch o' sweeds in one of them big waltz scenes. It'll be ten berries in your wallet and I don't hafter tell you what you can do with ten berries."

"But I've got a job," said Sally.

"You look like it . . ." said the Girl. "You look like you was partners with Tiffany . . . Be a lady for one day . . . can't you? Call 'em up and tell 'em you got a headache . . . Don't be a oyster . . . Meet me front of the Grand Central at nine thirty . . . t'morrer, see?"

Sally fought all day with her conscience. It didn't seem decent. She'd always heard that the Movies weren't nice . . . Nobody who was good went into them. It was a profession of sin and shame . . . But ten dollars for a day's enjoyment wasn't to be sneezed at.

She went; she got a place in the ball room scene, and wore a Louis Fourteenth gown. In it she made a picture that gave Old Eagle Eye a lot of . . . (Cont. on page 97)

The PRACTICAL JOKERS

¶ *The pranks they play upon one another in the screen colony show they are all good fellows.*

“SAYING it with practical jokes seems to be all the rage now-a-days, doesn't it?” demanded Patsy.

We were on our way to a treasure hunt, which, of course, is one huge practical joke.

Harold Lloyd wins all these treasure hunts, too, by the way! You know how he is always going in for figuring out puzzles,—well, he seems to have just the same sort of luck with treasure hunts.

The hunt started at the Pantages home, carried us wildly to the police station, from whence everybody made for Westlake Park.

“We must,” exclaimed Patsy excitedly, “ask a spicy question of a couple we shall find down there about Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden!”

The trouble was nobody found the right couple for a long time, and so we had rather an embarrassing time of it!

We wound up at the Brown Derby Cafe, and as we entered we saw Harold Lloyd talking to one of the girls. He

turned to come out as we arrived, and if he had left then, we should have won the prize, but he seemed to bethink him of something, went away to the back of the cafe, and asked a girl for a strawberry tart. That, we knew, was the right thing to do!

“Harold isn't as much of a practical joker as you might think he would be,” said Patsy, “but here is one joke that he always does pull at the studio. He makes each person in succession put his or her head under a blanket. Then somebody gets a paddle and paddles the person. The person being paddled may then take their head from under the blanket and guess who the paddler was. If the right person isn't guessed, that poor paddlee has to be paddled again, and so on until a right guess is made!”

“Well, did you hear the one that Douglas Fairbanks pulls at his studio?” I asked Patsy. It seems that she hadn't heard.

“Doug always has a chair wired for electricity sitting on the set. At first he caught everybody. Now people are more wary. But every once in a while a guest comes along that Doug knows won't get sore, and he conducts him to that chair. Then the electric current is turned on, and how the guest does jump!”

Speaking of jokes, the very funniest one happened up at Zazu Pitts' house, the other night, when Patsy and I were there.

Tom Gallery, her husband, turned on the radio.



¶ Louise Fazenda.
Oh what they did to her shoes!



¶ Ford Sterling gave a party but a joker invited some guests.



¶ Zazu Pitts had a telephone connected to her radio set and—

Wallace Beery was there, by the way, but not his picture partner, Raymond Hatton.

Suddenly—“London on the radio!” boomed a voice.

“The great Raymond Hatton in ‘We're In the Navy Now!’” announced the voice.

Wally Beery sat up and looked all around in an injured way!

Of course you know he is co-starred with Hatton in that picture.

The voice went on to say what a hit Hatton was making, but with never a word about Beery. Beery squirmed about. Finally he exclaimed: “Well, it's funny they couldn't mention one Beery!”

London went off the air while Wally brooded.

of HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley



“Florence Vidor is witty as well as beautiful.”



“Patsy Ruth Miller is so good natured that they play pranks on her at the studio.”

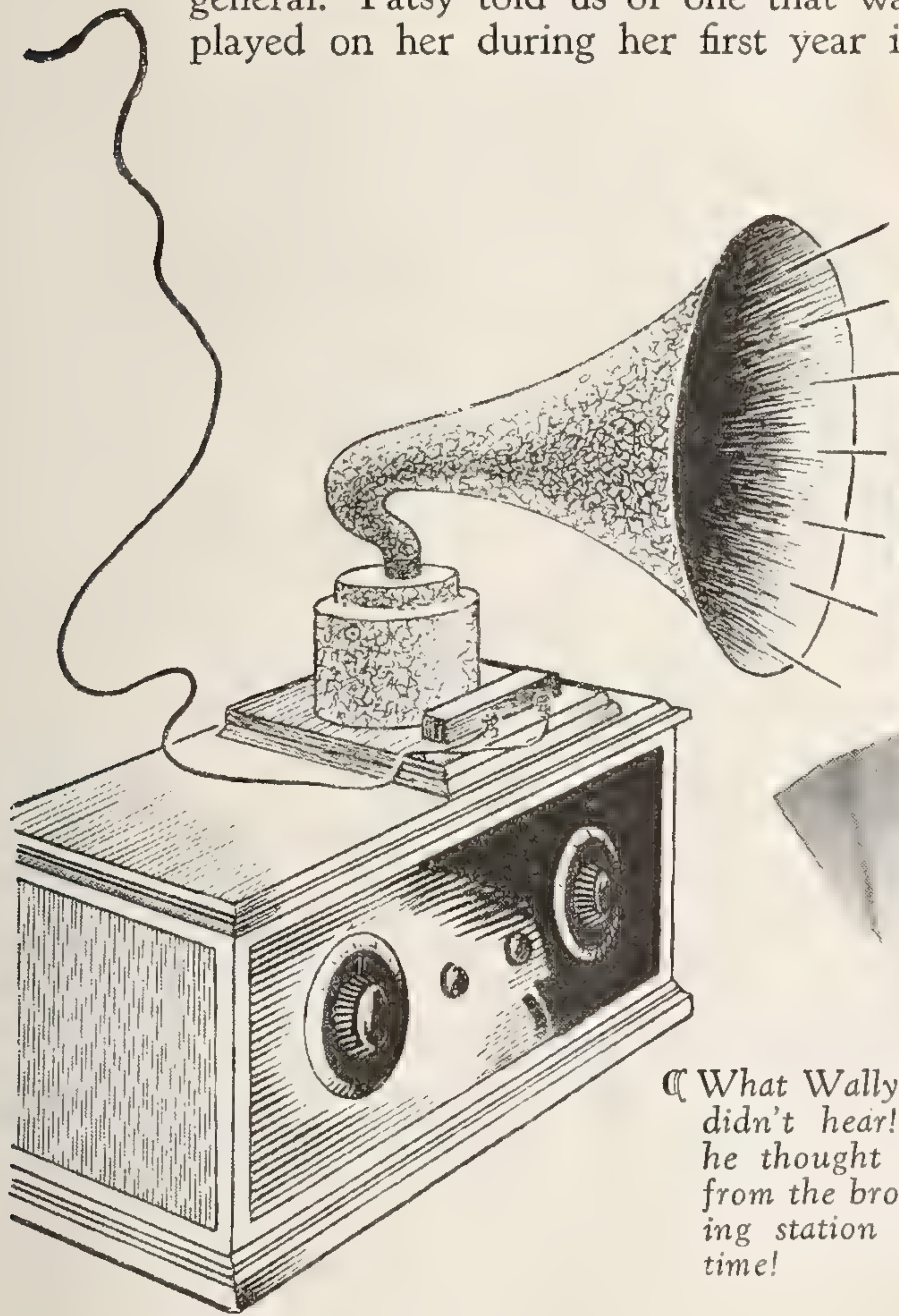
Next came “Los Angeles, KFI” or something. “The Pantages theater is burning!” Alexander Pantages who was present didn’t listen for any more. Off he flew!

Then Tom laughed and the truth came out.

Tom had some sort of arrangement upstairs whereby a person up there could in some way cut in on the radio apparatus downstairs, and make announcements. Zasu and Tom have had no end of fun with the instrument in this way.

Patsy Ruth Miller was there, and we got to talking about practical jokes in general. Patsy told us of one that was played on her during her first year in

started to part, voices called to us, ‘Hold it! Hold it!’. Back we went into the clinch. Again we started to break away, and again came the voice telling us to ‘Hold it!’ Finally I just had to come up for air, and when we looked around us there wasn’t a camera grinding,—nothing to be seen but the grinning faces of all those studio people! I never was so embarrassed in



“What Wally Beery didn’t hear! And he thought it was from the broadcasting station all the time!”



my life!”

Then Wally Beery told the one about Marshall Neilan and the joke Marshall played on Ford Sterling, who is a great pal of Micky’s.

It seems that Ford was entertaining a couple of society girls at his home one afternoon for tea.

Everything was all set pretty, and Ford was behaving in his most elegant society manner, when there came a knock on his door. In bounced a whole bunch of chorus girls from the Music Box Revue and landed all over Ford. The society girls hastily departed, and Ford had to entertain the chorus bunch the rest of the afternoon. Micky had telephoned the girls that Ford wanted them as his guests.

Then somebody told about Babe Ruth and a joke they played on

him while he was making “Babe Comes Home.” It seems that one night Babe was doing some scenes, and they told him he must be blindfolded. Then they said everybody must be quiet while he lunged about the set. He was turned about, and went falling over tables and chairs,—and when he finally pulled the blind-fold off his eyes there wasn’t a person in sight!

It is the season for beach parties, and the Duncan Sisters gave a wonderful one at their beach home at Santa Monica, the other day.

It seemed as though everybody in filmland was there. We met Billie Dove and Patsy Ruth

pictures, when she was a shy, blushing little miss just out of school, and fussed to death when playing love scenes in pictures.

“I was supposed to be the bride of Rex Cherryman in a picture starring Mme. Nazimova,” explained Patsy, whose bubbling sense of humor and good sportsmanship never allow her to withhold a joke just because it happens to be on herself. “I had never met Rex before, and so when we were told to embrace each other, naturally I was a good deal embarrassed. However, we did as we were told. They said we hadn’t held the scene long enough, and would we please do it again. Rex gave me a long kiss, and when we

(Cont. on page 92)



Albertina Rasch teaches the young idea how to step. There she is in the glass.

You've

By
Rosa Reilly

MY Dear Gertrude Smith,
Wilma Hutchison,
Gertrude Kassirer
and

The Hundreds of Others Who Want to Get into the Movies:
Here comes the postman—late as usual but nevertheless with an answer to each one of you. I know I have waited a very long time before answering your letters. But to be quite truthful, I was just swamped by appeals from so many girls who want to get into the movies that it wasn't possible to send each one a separate response. But your letters were so well written—you all put so much heart into your writing—that I felt they deserved a serious reply. So for several months I have been going around trying to find out what I can that will be of service to you. And now I'm writing you all together through your favorite magazine to let you know the one sure way of getting on the screen.

When I finished reading your interesting—and many times pathetic letters—my mind went back to a conversation I had with one of my friends. She is a pretty little person, in her late twenties, with a slight sense of humor, slim ankles and a piquant face. Apparently, she never thought of marrying until recently. But now she finds herself lonesome and has decided that matrimony is the one thing for her.

She told me at great length and in detail just what she required in the way of a husband and drooped a trifle when she intimated that such a one was hard to find.

When I asked her

Whether you study in a college or a garret, it's what you learn that determines where you go from there.

All of the Ned Wayburn school girls are on their mental toes as well.



Got to KNOW YOUR ONIONS



James Trewbath

what she intended to give in return for this Adonis with his fame, fortune and devotion she opened her eyes in surprise and answered, "Why, myself."

"Look here, Dora"—I said—that's not her name but it will do. "Can you stand a few words of truth from a good friend?"

"Why, of course," she



Ⓒ Ned Wayburn
the practical
ballet master
and producer.

answered with pretty assurance, studying the vivid polish on her well-rounded nails.

"Well, here goes. You're pretty, fairly young, with beautiful legs and nice shiny brown eyes. But that's about all."

"What do you mean?"

(Cont. on page 78)

Ⓒ The story of Eleanor Boardman is an inspiration to every extra girl.

Delight Evans's REVIEWS

☞ It's the funniest of the fightin' films so far.

Is ZAT SO?



☞ George O'Brien is a riot. (Philippe De Lacy, George O'Brien and Dione Ellis)

ALTOGETHER now. Is zat so? Yes, zat's so. And so on, "far, far into the night". It's a funny picture that you'll like, boys and girls; and it will give you a couple of brand-new lines. Besides that, the frequent laughs are calculated to reduce any waist-line, so what more do you want?

It's the funniest of the fightin' films so far. George O'Brien plays a dumb prize-fighter—yes, I said dumb; the director told him to act like that. Eddie Lowe—I'll never call him Edmund again—plays his belligerent manager. How they crash the gate of a Fifth Avenoo manshun and eventually the championship prize-ring is the dope. It's made into a rowdy, corn-beef-and-cabbage comedy. There's romance, too—and even that is husky. No reflection on the dainty and delightful Misses Kathryn Perry and Dione Ellis; they can't help it if two rough-necks took a fancy to them. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the

scion of wealth who's reformed by George and Eddie is better than he's ever been. But he'd better not let his dad catch him doing his drunk act again. I didn't see the play and could go ahead and enjoy myself without worrying about changes in the plot. Whatever changes they made are all right with me. George O'Brien is a riot. I always did like that boy, but in this yes—I have plenty of bananas role, he outstrips himself, especially in the fight scenes. How George does eat up that tough part! Go to it, George. We'll back you. You're neck-and-neck with Billy Haines right now, say I. Is zat so? Yeah—zat's so!



☞ George O'Brien plays a dumb prizefighter and Eddie Lowe his belligerent manager. They crash the gates of a Fifth Avenoo manshun and eventually the championship prize-ring.

☞ Dolores plays a beautiful servant girl whose love for Prince Dmitri is her undoing.



☞ Dolores proves that she can act as well as she can look and Rod La Rocque as Dmitri contributes some splendid stuff.

RESURRECTION

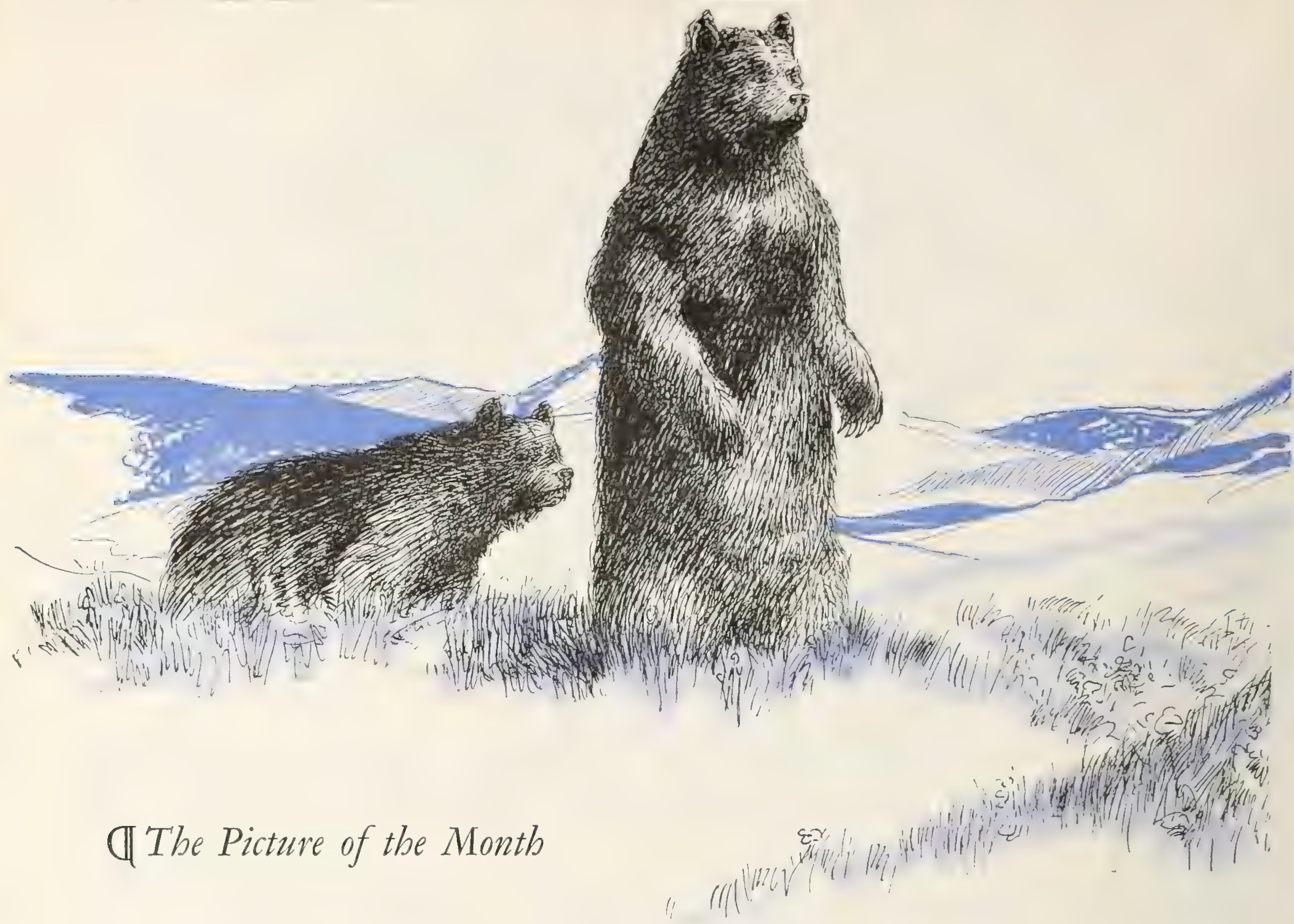
IF "Resurrection" seems somewhat old-fashioned to you in the light of recent revolutions, both Russian and cinematic, have a heart—have another heart—and you'll cry right along with *Katusha*. *Katusha* is Dolores del Río—in fact, *Katusha* is simply the whole show. Dolores proves that she can act as well as she can look. Sugar and spice and everything nice—that's what little Mexican girls seem to be made of!

Count Tolstoy's novel has been filmed with the personal aid of his son, who also makes his screen debut as the announcer of the drama. Director Edwin Carewe has done a good job—he flatly refused to go completely Russian. Gloom does abound, but the characters remain

human through it all. Dolores plays a beautiful servant girl whose love for Prince Dmitri is her undoing. She follows the usual path of the erring screen sisterhood until Tolstoy takes a hand, throws her once more in Dmitri's path, and sees to it that both find peace in renunciation. There's a "big prison scene" which will stand out in your recollection for the poignancy of the stars' performances. The other star is Rod La Rocque, and once he discards his uniform and dashing ways, he contributes some splendid stuff. See "Resurrection". There isn't a single Russian sitting-down dance in it. Thank that nice, kind director, kiddies.



☞ Gloom does abound but the characters remain human through it all.



¶ *The Picture of the Month*

ALASKAN Adventures

COME along to Alaska! Wipe that hot brow and smooth out the little old organdie. Breeze up to the cool open spaces of the Yukon. It's well worth the trip. Especially when all you have to do is to hunt up the theatre that's playing "*Alaskan Adventures*", and enjoy yourself. It's the most satisfying outdoor jaunt you can take—no porters to tip, no mosquitoes to slap at—just a good time, and hang the expense. You tired city folks, you—try the smell of the Yukon. It's exhilarating.

It's the six-reel record of a three-year visit to the Yukon and points north, by Art Young, bow-and-arrow expert, Captain Jack Robertson, noted explorer, and a happy little dog named Wrongstart. He started wrong, maybe, but oh, how he finished! That tail wags all the time. We've had our Stronghearts and Rin-Tin-Tins, but this bow-bow with the smile wins. If you don't believe that a canine can grin, take a look at Wrongstart.

From the educational standpoint—if you must—"Alaskan Adventures" de-

serves to rank foremost among "instructive" films. Now—hold on! There are thrills—but they are legitimate. Animals are shot only for food. You'll see scenic wonders second to none—the "Valley of Ten Thousand

¶ Art Young, world's champion archer, and a mighty bull moose which he killed with one arrow.





H. J. Peck

Times Wide World
Photograph.

“Captain Jack
Robertson and
Wrongstart
back from
their Alaskan
travels.

“The Kodiak bear of
Alaska is the largest
carnivorous animal in
America. In the film
Art Young with only
a bow and arrow and
the camera behind
him goes on a bear
hunt.

“An old she bear and
her cubs feed upon
the salmon rushing
up stream.



Smokes”, for instance, and the Midnight Sun—not a Universal picture—and the Coming of Spring to the Yukon. The only thrill that isn’t supplied is the Lady who’s known as Lou—and it’s my private opinion that Wrongstart is her dog. It’s all great entertainment. Co-starred with Wrongstart is that grand woman whose charm never palls—Missus Nature, none other.

Annie Laurie



¶ *Bringing Home the B(e)acon.*

¶ Annie Laurie climbs from crag to crag to light the beacon to warn John's clan. (Lillian Gish and Norman Kerry)

HAVE a little Scotch? It's guaranteed, pre-war, right off the boat—John Robertson, bootlegger, assisted by—you'll never guess!—Lillian Gish. Yes, Lillian has her Highland Fling in "Annie Laurie" and makes the most of it, "I'm-m tellin' ya!"

Seems there were two Scotsmen, Campbell and MacDonald, walkin' down the str-eet one day—roll those r's, brother! But no fooling—there were. And there was also Sir Robert Laurie, and his bonny daughter Annie, for whom, it was rumored at the time, somebody or other was perfectly willing to lay himself doon and dee. But as it turns out, that isn't necessary. Talk about fueds—Kentucky mountaineers are simply nothing. You have to go to Scotland's backyard for real fueds. That's where they grow, along with the heather. "Annie Laurie" is a robust melo-



drama all the way, with no artistic nonsense about it. Miss Gish, the star, becomes a regulation leading lady, able to take care of herself, all smiles and sweetness, scarce a single tear. Well, perhaps you like her that way. A whole castful of favorites rallies round her, providing practically continuous excitement. Norman Kerry is the braw hero, Scotland's Bicep King, and for him Annie Laurie Gish climbs from crag to crag to light the beacon to warn his clan—and gets her mon. Cheer, cheer—the clan's all here!

¶ Norman Kerry is the braw hero.



¶ "Annie Laurie" (Lillian Gish) has the delicacy of Scotch heather.

Seventh Heaven

☞ *Send Yourselfs to 7th Heaven.*

IF YOU hear anyone on the way out from "Seventh Heaven" exclaiming, "A heavenly picture—simply heavenly!" you won't punch him in the nose. You'll be thinking the same thing. You'll like "Seventh Heaven" too much to be in any critical mood when it's over. You'll just be glad you have seen it, and if you see Mr. William Fox at the door, as I did, you'll have to restrain yourself from rushing over and patting him on the back. But maybe he'd like it.

Frank Borzage's picturization of the stage play by Austin Strong is one of the best pictures of this year or any old year. I'm not going to tell you "it's as good as ——" or "it's better than ——" As far as I'm concerned it's in a class by itself: partly because of the inspiring story, partly because of the fine direction, and partly because of the amazing Janet Gaynor and the inimitable Charles Farrell. There—the bouquets have been passed around and we can get on with the story.

Always Look Up—that's the message that "Seventh Heaven" gives you. But don't let that scare you off. The message is so beautifully delivered, done up with so much imagination and humor, that you won't realize you're seeing a sugar-coated sermon till it's all over, and then you won't care. A worker in a Paris sewer saves the life of a hopeless girl and is about to leave her lying in the gutter where he found her when—but Chico, who considers himself "quite a remarkable fellow" in his blustering way, doesn't believe in Le Bon Dieu, so there's no

real reason why he should turn around and adopt the waif. But he does, and takes her up seven flights of rickety stairs to his attic home, where he "can look up at the stars". Together, they climb the stairs to find heaven at the top. And you are looking at the most exquisite love scenes you're ever apt to see, unless you stage some of your own, of course. Frank Borzage, a young man himself, has somehow captured more of the pathos and beauty of young love than any camera ever caught before. His two young players carry out his ideal. This Janet Gaynor will be the biggest little thing in pictures someday or I miss my guess. I often do, but William Fox doesn't make that mistake very often, and Janet is a Foxy star. She's pretty big artistically right now. Her expressive little face carries you along with her to laughter and to tears. Well, others have done that, too. But Janet's spirituality and sweetness put her in a class all by her little self. Charles Farrell has to work hard to keep up with her. That he succeeds in most of his scenes is the best recommendation I can give him—not that he needs any, either. The cocky Chico is the best thing he's ever done. Janet and Charlie are my favorite team.

There's war in "Seventh Heaven", and it does its worst as usual; but the love of Diane and Chico comes through, as the saying goes, unscathed. I tell you this because the suspense becomes almost unbearable at times, and I want you to enjoy yourself even more than I did. Try and do it.

☞ *You don't have to be a small boy or a baseball fan to like the Babe.*

BABE Comes Home

OH, you Bambino! Here comes another athletic star to make a bid for screen honors, this time none other than the celebrated Sultan of Swat, George Herman Ruth. Let's be ourselves and call him Babe. His picture is called "Babe Comes Home". And when he flashes that smile, he's worth his weight in diamonds.

You don't have to be a small boy or a baseball fan to like the Babe. He isn't much of an actor, he doesn't even pretend to be. But he has a certain bluff sincerity you'll like. He has come into the movies as whole-heartedly as he comes to bat, and that sincerity registers. You can't fool the camera. All those kids whose ambition is to see the Babe play ball won't have to wait till they're older. They can see him swing his stuff right now in "Babe Comes Home".

He plays a tobacco-chewing swatter whose laundry bills

are something scandalous. Anna Q. Nilsson, the world's loveliest laundress, knows that clean hearts are more important than dirty shirts, but she can't see why the Babe can't keep his hands clean, too. So she starts out to reform him. All she gets for her trouble at first is a nice, black eye. She was new to baseball and failed to duck when a fast one came her way. But she learns the game and also the way to Babe's heart. Their romance is under way and going strong when—three chews and he's out. If you want to find out how she finally cured him of the awful tobacco-habit, send us a stamped addressed envelope—or better still, see the picture. That's all there is to what's jokingly called the story, but it's highly embellished with gags, Anna Q's beauty, Louise Fazenda's comedy, assisted by Arthur Stone, and lots of Mr. Ruth in action, autographing baseballs, making home-runs, and giving us his grin. I think you'll like that grin.

☞ Joan as a girl ranger who knows a forest fire when she sees one.

The Understanding HEART

☞ *Have a Heart*

YOU all know about Joan Crawford's understanding. Well, this picture proves that her heart is just as good. She's only a little girl but she has a heart as big as all outdoors—which is lucky, because this is an outdoor picture. Joan plays a girl ranger, whose job it is to know a forest fire when she sees one—also, a nice young man. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is the nice young man. Much too nice to play the part of Mister Fix-It, which he does here—always barging in where he isn't wanted, and all. But if the heroine stood for it, I've no right to complain. And does she? It didn't need a forest fire to throw her into

his arms, let me tell you. I could have saved the producer a lot of money if he had consulted *me*. That romance would have proceeded to a happy ending with, or without, a fire.

And now—surprise, surprise! If it's anybody's birthday, just let him step right up and get the best present ever! Friend, I give you James Murray. His name isn't down on the cast as Joan's brother because they're saving him to spring on us all at once in Vidor's "*The Crowd*". But they can't fool us, can they? I picked him out and pass on the good word to you. That's the kind of a girl I am and that's the kind of a boy Jimmy is.

☞ *Nautical but not naughty.*

CAPTAIN Salvation

☞ *Aye, Aye, Cap'n*



☞ Marceline Day, in "*Captain Salvation*", brightens things up a bit with her pretty face and its sunbonnet.

THIS is nautical but not naughty. It's one of those gripping, thrilling dramas of the sea—at least it's supposed to be. Forgive me if I didn't mingle my tears with the briny. It just didn't get me. If picture producers have an idea that a sad picture that doesn't turn out to be entertaining is Art, then I guess this must be Art. But what's his last name?

"*Captain Salvation*" is as grim and gloomy as New England's stern and rock-bound coast. You'll excuse me, but I must have my sweetness and light. Marceline Day brightens things up a bit with her pretty face in its sunbonnet, but every time she tried to keep smiling something happened and she had to turn on the tears. Pauline Starke as a waif of the sea who is as welcome in Our Village as a tidal wave, revels in her rôle. Because of her, Lars Hanson is forced to take to the open sea—and the trouble he has out there, you won't believe until you see it. Ernest Torrence, after several years of clean screen living, reverts to his villainy of "*Tol'able David*", and he certainly makes up for lost time. You'll never quite trust him again, I'm afraid. Apparently he has realized the importance of being earnest but I wish he wouldn't.

Pauline makes her Magdalen a moving, pathetic yet heroic figure. She's never done better work—and, as far as that goes, neither has anybody else I can think of right now.

MR. WU

¶ Yoo Hoo—Mr. Wu

THE Chinese question of today for all us little film fans is "Mr. Wu". Is it, or isn't it a good picture? It's elaborate and elegant, that's certain. And it presents Lon Chaney as a young Chinaman, an elderly Chinaman, and a middle-aged bear—I mean Chinaman. Lon may play a few other parts; he can always fool me with his make-ups. At any rate, there is plenty of Mr. Chaney in "Mr. Wu". On the other hand, our Renee Adoree is killed off by the plot, and no picture, no matter how important, can get away with that without a word from us, can it? Renee is the sweetest little Oriental you ever saw—and besides looking like a

big China doll she makes her rather theatrical character a living, breathing girl—and you have heard how hard *that* is. The old, old story of "East and West, and Never the Twain Shall Meet"—though it isn't Renee's fault, or young English Ralph Forbes', that they don't. Poor Butterfly is sacrificed to propitiate family tradition, while her stern father, Mister Wu—but I sat through this photoplay until the bitter end, and why shouldn't you? Louise Dresser, Gertrude Olmsted, Anna May Wong, and Holmes Herbert make up the excellent cast. Even so, "Mr. Wu" is so much chow mein to me.

¶ Clara works hard for the purse in "Rough-house Rosie".

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE

¶ Ring-Around-Rosie.

STATION SCREENLAND announcing. Please stand by. The Big Fight is on. Champion Clara is in great form, but how is her punch? Let's see: The challenger, "Bum" Story, has Clara puffing hard. Now Clara socks Bum in the nose and it looks like he's going out for the count. 1-2-3 — Story is up again — has it got the best of Clara? No—Kid Bow gives it a left upper-cut and sends it staggering to its corner. End of Round. Round Two: "Bum" Story comes out weakly, spars with legs wobbling, while Clara's are just as good as ever. Sock — Clara brings a right punch to the chin, and Story goes down gasping. Somebody throw it a sponge—it needs it. 1-2-3, etc., 9-10. Clara wins. Crowds cheering wildly for Champion Bow, Rough-house Rosie O'Reilly.

Clara works hard for the purse in "Rough-house Rosie". It's all Clara, with little or no help from direction, story, or even titles. Rosie O'Reilly is a little jelly-bean enamer with a yen for the stage. She makes good at dancing, and also at being a lady—though not in the way she intends. Reed Howes is the man who's knocked out by Cupid's Bow. Doris Hill as the girl-friend is as demure as Clara is wild, but somehow Doris stands out. After a hectic evening with Rough-house Rosie, you may feel that there's something to be said for nice, quiet home-girls—and a whole lot to be done for 'em.



¶ Champion Clara is in great form.

NEW Screenplays

Reviewed By
Rosa Reilly

RICH BUT HONEST

BENEATH this polished exterior beats a heart of gold—that's the idea. Young Lochinvar comes out of the west in a Rolls-Royce, wild and handsome, but he wouldn't harm our Nell for anything.

It's the boy who manicures cars at the garage who gets the bad breaks in this romance. And usually, as you know, money is a handicap to a movie suitor when there's an honest mechanic in the background.

Maybe you read the story by Arthur Somers Roche. I read it—attracted by the title, and it's a quiet, well-spun yarn. The director has added fireworks and jazzworks and a lot of that wonderful ingredient which the critics, for want of a better term, call "low comedy". Yes indeed, low and sweet.

If the kings in olden times had jesters like Ted McNamara, the low-brow comic of this picture, there wouldn't have been so much royal indigestion, undoubtedly the cause of so many



☞ Johnny Hines in "All Aboard" can talk or jigg a bird off a branch.



☞ "The Heart Thief" is the sort of film that makes you forget the dull round of ordinary duties. (Joseph Schildkraut and Lya de Putti)



☞ You forget to be afraid when Arthur starts that half-tender work of his in "the Claw". (Claire Windsor and Arthur Edmund Carewe)

wars and so much beheading.

Nancy Nash is the girl. Poor kid! She thought Lochinvar's Rolls-Royce was just another car she had to walk home from—but she was disappointed—and how! Clifford Holland and Charles Morton are the competing lovers. Who wins? That's

right. Now ask me one.

IRISH HEARTS

"Who" asked the editor to his assembled scribes, "shall we send to review 'Irish Hearts'?"

"Who else but me, sor?"

The speaker was a lass with an old Irish shawl draped over her head and around her shoulders. In one hand she carried a shillaleh. In the other, a piece of cobblestone wrapped in the heel of a stocking.

"P. S.", said the editor, "she gets the job."

And that is how I came to write this review.

It was really written for me by Kipling when he said: "Where there are Irish there's loving and fighting". A strange kind of loving and a strange kind of fighting in "Irish Hearts".

Did you ever hear of a colleen being turned down? And did you ever see a Hibernian battle fought with vegetables? Well, maybe you've seen the latter. The nearest weapon is the best—that's the maxim of the Irish when they're fighting. Which, you add, is frequent.

May McAvoy is the colleen. Of course, it was a dirty blackguard who turned her down. Her own



☞ A new angle in Westerns. Tom Mix and Marjorie Daw in "Outlaws of Red River".

true love comes back when her lucky shamrock restores her "to fortune and men's eyes".

Loving and fighting—and laughter.

Shure, and what more could you be afther wishing for?

THE CLAW

Yep! I know I'm incorrigible but it's too late in my movie life to make me over. I just can't comprehend why they make the villain so attractive and the hero so phlegmatic.

Take this picture "The Claw". Norman Kerry, the leading man, had everything his own way. He's handsomer than it's decent for any man to be—and as for magnetism and S. A.—well, I'm just the one millionth and first member of the Norman Kerry Fan Club. He has, in this film, all of the mysterious charm of the African frontier to do his stuff in. But does he? Well I should say not. He just lets the villain, Arthur Edmund Carewe walk away with the picture.

Carewe is as distinguished an actor as our screen can produce. And devilishly good looking, too. You know what I mean? The kind of man that's so interesting looking you're afraid of him. And then you forget to be afraid when he starts in with that half-tender, half-subtle work of his.

Claire Windsor had nothing to her credit but her beauty. She was badly directed and badly costumed. In fact she appeared just a little slip of colorless neutrality. But she's neither colorless nor natural. She's a most capable artist. And I hope the next time I see her she pulls an ace out of the deck which this time was stacked against her.

But regardless of all the faults of this picture—and there were plenty, I'm here to state—Carewe will drag it out of the fire. As long as he stalks through the movie, the theatres will be filled with us of the weaker sex. I don't pretend to know why. But it's true. He knows his celluloid!



THE HEART THIEF

An old, old theme, this Heart Thief, but so exquisitely embroidered that you forget the hackneyed plot which Shakespeare first suggested when he said "Old age and youth cannot live together".

Lya de Putti has the leading feminine role. She plays a lovely, simple-minded Hungarian girl of lowly rank. And now we can understand why she objected

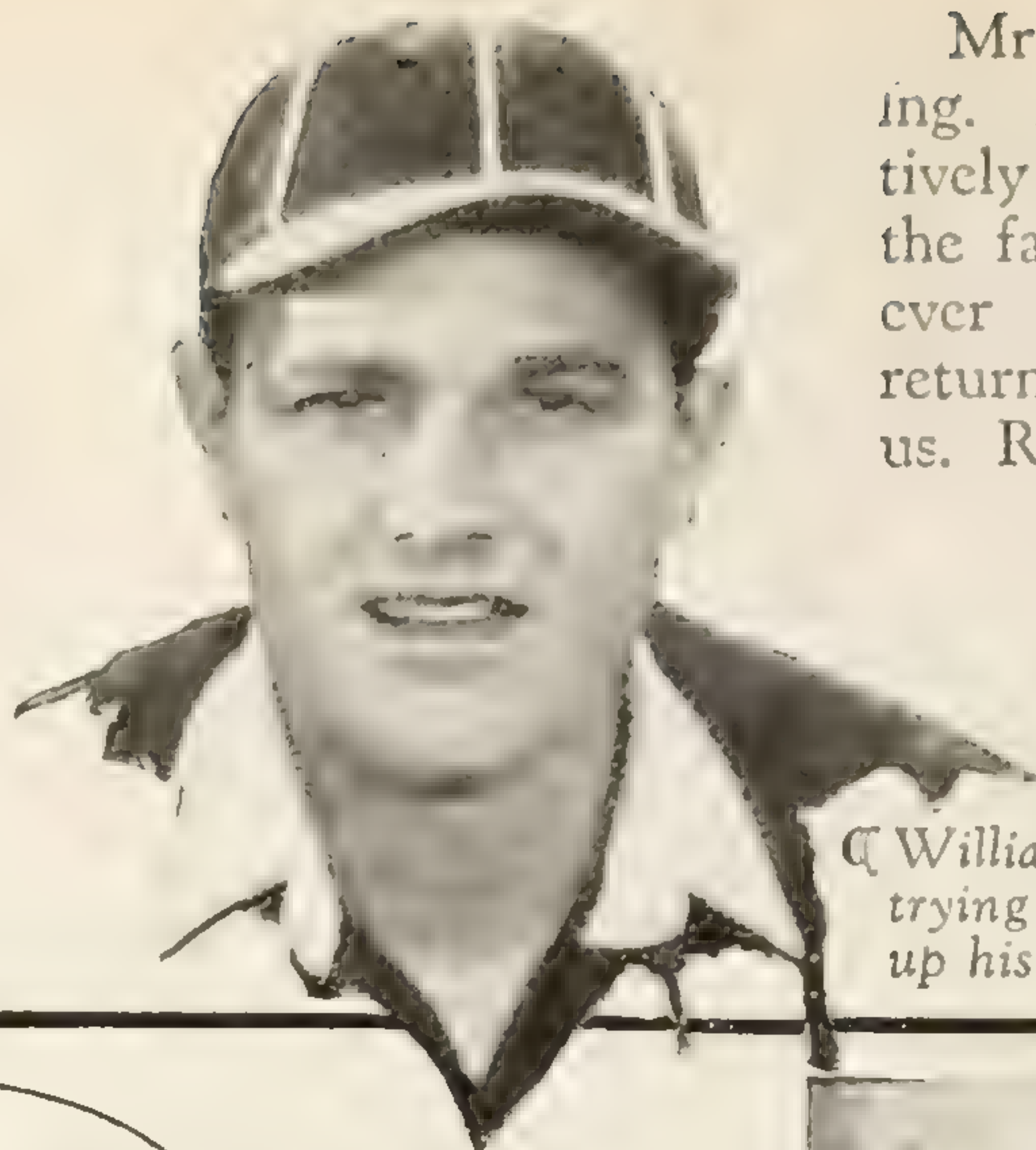
(Continued on page 93)

☞ Plenty of fire works, jazzworks and a lot of that wonderful "low comedy" that's so popular. Nancy Nash and Charles Morton in "Rich But Honest".



☞ The best mystery play that ever reached Broadway. Tully Marshall, Creighton Hale and Martha Mattox in "The Cat and the Canary".

ON the 28th day of May we began our campaign. And we never do things by halves. We sent a wire to Tom Meighan, who is in Hollywood, "Do you prefer blondes? Wire reply. Imperative." We closely questioned Richard Dix. We did the same with Ben Lyon, Neal St. Clair, Walter Goss, Warner Baxter, John Gilbert, Francis X. Bushman. We learned that William Powell was on the west coast. So for that matter were



William Haines trying to make up his mind.

Mr. Walsh's answer arrived the next morning. It read, "As a baby my arms instinctively went out to my mother, the fairest of the fair, and I have been wild about blondes ever since, God bless them. Many happy returns." The "many happy returns" puzzled us. Returns of what—the blondes? And then we realized that it was our birthday and we could celebrate the victory for the blondes. The "returns" indicated that here at least they

Do MOVIE Gentlemen PREFER?



Anita Loos signs Mr. Lasky's contract and Mr. Emerson approves.

By Harriette Underhill

Ricardo Cortez, James Hall and Adolphe Menjou. No transcript would be complete without their registered opinions. So we wired them. The operator who took our messages over the telephone acted as though she thought we were a case for the psychopathic ward. But nothing could deter us. We were thinking only of results. Then we called up George Walsh's number, feeling however that that was quite superfluous. George had always assured us that he adored only blondes, but then perhaps he wouldn't care to go on record as an exclusive lover of blondes so our phone call was a necessary precaution. His valet answered the call, but we were too excited to notice that it was not George's voice. "Do you prefer blondes?" we called over the phone eagerly. "Madam," he replied, "I have no preference!" And he hung up. So we sent a wire instead. There is no stopping us when we once start out "in quest of our youth". Always get your man!



Ricardo Cortez picked Alma Rubens as his answer.



Richard Dix is a bachelor. Blondes prefer married men. Ask any wife.

were preferred. The Famous Players picture was ambiguously titled, "Blonde or Brunette". Somehow this suggested an advertisement akin to the one, "Is she 20 or 40?" and it might be only a new golden-glint hair wash. But we hoped it was a
(Cont. on page 86)



John Gilbert seems to be asking for samples.



W. H. TATES.



HER own bathing pool, when the blue, blue sky lies clear above it, is the color of her eyes. Here she sits to dream of her next film, "Thanks For The Buggy Ride". Poetic, huh?

Laura La Plante

Drawn by W. H. TATES

The Ideal of the Intelligencia and the DARLING of the MASSES - Lillian Gish -

By
Katherine Albert



☞ Lillian Gish and Montague Love in "The Wind" a story of dramatic intensity.



☞ Lillian Gish and Carmencita Johnson. Miss Gish has a remarkable adaptability for period costumes.

HOLLYWOOD has many traditions!

Some are well founded others are not. There is the tradition that if you say "no" to a great producer you lose your job, that no one has ever achieved success on the screen with beauty alone, that extras will always find a lot of work next Wednesday morning, that being well known in New York does not mean anything in Hollywood, that hard work, not luck, makes stars, that the scenarios of unknown writers are always returned un-read.

Like much ancient lore some of these things are true, others are not. The Lillian Gish tradition, however, is one of the best and truest in Hollywood.

For some years Lillian Gish has kept herself different from any other star in the business. She is known as the choice of the intelligencia. Such men as Mencken, Hergesheimer, Nathan and Cabell—men who are avowedly bored with the cinema—have proclaimed Lillian Gish a great artist.

It is rather amazing that the intelligencia who will have nothing but realism in the drama, who insist that a spade be called a disreputable and vulgar implement to remove weeds, who find only wierd cacophony musical, who believe that nudes should descend stairs for Art's sake, turn inconsistent at the last moiment and take Lillian Gish as their favorite.

Professionally, Lillian Gish is far from being modern. The pictures in which she has appeared have been, for the most part, simple, direct, often melodramatic and never futuristic.

Painters, sculptors, writers and musicians have all sought new forms. They have attempted to express themselves differently from the artists who went before them. They have found new and devious paths, while Lillian Gish has remained the same.

I discovered her on the "The Wind" set out at Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She was sitting slightly apart from the others, reading. Her hair was piled high on her head and her face was wreathed in ridiculous, adorable curls. A black velvet frock offset her blonde loveliness. The bodice was tight fitting and the skirt with its paniers and flounces rippled below the waist. I saw her little back first. The Lillian Gish back that can (Cont. on page 100)



LILLIAN GISH'S next picture "*The Wind*" concerns a Texas ranch and a girl driven to delirium by the terrifying monotony of the wind.

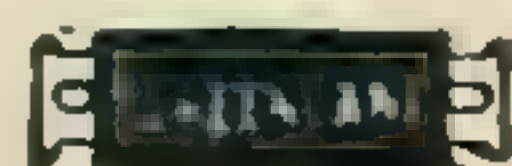
Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

STUDIO CITY



"**B**EAUTIFUL But Dumb"—No we are not referring to beautiful Vera Reynolds—that's the title of her next picture.

Photograph by Hoover





SUNKIST LOLA TODD has just been signed to do a western picture called "*Nevada*". Go west young man—go west.

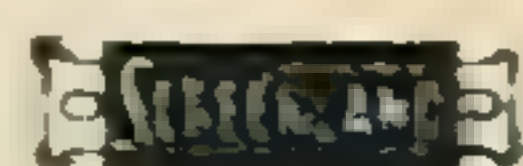
Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee





PRETTY MAY McAVOY is one of those
pint sized Shebas. "*The Jazz Singer*" is her
next picture.

Biograph by Preston Duncan



IN THIS CORNER

May McAvoy,

THE

"FIGHTING LASSIE"

By Dave A. Epstein



☞ In her very successful role in "Lady Windermere's Fan".

FOUR feet, eleven inches . . . weight ninety-five pounds . . . brown hair . . . blue eyes,—but why go into details? She's Irish. That accounts for it!

What a good fortune for the tiny and charming May McAvoy that she was born under a lucky star whose kindly rays bless the Irish! Otherwise maybe she wouldn't have had the courage to do what she did several years ago.

Listen to this:

She gazed up into the face of a prominent motion picture producer, her eyes flashing fire,—sure, blue eyes can do that.

"No!" she challenged, and for added emphasis, stamped a dainty little foot.

Then she turned around and paid forty thousand dollars

☞ At home May McAvoy doesn't really look dangerous.

for her contract and walked out of the studio!

Confidential: It is reported that it was none other than Jesse L. Lasky of Famous Players Lasky to whom she addressed those words.

How come? Well, so the story goes, this seemingly impossible action for a little girl with such a radiant disposition as May had its genesis about four years ago, after she had appeared in "Clarence," which unfortunately was the last picture the public saw of the late Wallace Reid. May was just beginning to give serious consideration to the type of pictures Paramount had been casting her in. "Not so good," she said to herself after considerable deliberation. "It seems strange other producers want me for bigger roles and offer four times my present salary."

After that came the battle of words with the producer, when the Irish qualities of the petite actress asserted themselves. So long had they been trying to keep her on the screen as an unsophisticated ingenue! And who should join the chorus but those noisome, pesky critics who sit back of their typewriters and with a presumptuous air of finality dash off something to the effect that this is this and that's that. They, too, hinted that she had reached the zenith of her dramatic expression.

"That was too much for me," said May as her face beamed with reminiscence. Then

(Cont. on page 95)

Coming Films

At the Paramount Lasky Studios

George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent in "Underworld"
 *Richard Dix, Mary Brian, in "Man Power"
 Wallace Beery, Raymond Hattan in "Fireman Save My Child"
 *James Hall, Louise Brooks in "Rolled Stockings"
 Gary Cooper in "The Last Outlaw"
 *Esther Ralston in "Ten Modern Commandments"
 Chester Conklin, George Bancroft in "Tell It To Sweeney"
 Clara Bow in "Hula"
 Gary Cooper in "Beau Sabreur"
 Adolphe Menjou in "With Their Eyes Open"
 Emil Jannings in "Hitting For Heaven"
 Warner Baxter, Ford Sterling in "Drums of the Desert"

At the First National Studios

*Jack Mulhall in "The Poor Nut"
 Colleen Moore in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
 Mary Astor, Lewis Stone in "Rose of Monterey"
 Richard Barthelmess in "The Drop Kick"
 Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes in "American Beauty"
 Milton Sills, Molly O'Day in "Hard Boiled Haggerty"
 Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall in "The Road to Romance"
 Harry Langdon in "Gratitude"
 Constance Talmadge in "Breakfast at Sunrise"
 Johnny Hines in "White Pants Willie"
 *Ben Lyon, Billie Dove in "The Stolen Bride"

At the United Artists Studios

Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho"
 Buster Keaton in "College"
 *Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Magic Flame"
 William Boyd, Louis Wolheim in "Two Arabian Knights"

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

*John Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out"
 Lillian Gish in "The Wind"
 *Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle in "Adam and Evil"
 Norma Shearer in "After Midnight"
 Eleanor Boardman, James Murray in "The Crowd"
 Marion Davies in "Quality Street"

At the Universal Studios

*All Star Cast in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
 Lya De Putti, Kenneth Harlan in "Midnight Rose"
 Neil Hamilton, June Marlowe, "Grip of the Yukon"
 Charles Ray, Jobyna Ralston in "Betty's a Lady"
 Reginald Denny in "Out All Night"
 Hoot Gibson in "Painted Ponies"
 Renee Adoree, Robert Frazer in "Back to God's Country"
 Patsy Ruth Miller in "Hot Heels"
 Mary Philbin, Ivan Moskine in "Surrender"
 Norman Kerry, Lois Moran in "The Irresistible Lover"

At the Fox Studios

Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio"
 Madge Bellamy in "Colleen"
 Charles Farrell, Greta Nissen in "Prince Fazil"
 Buck Jones in "The Broken Dollar"

At the Warner Bros. Studio

*Dolores Costello in "The Heart of Maryland"
 Louis Fazenda in "Simple Sis"
 Irene Rich in "Dearie"

At the F. B. O. Studios

Viola Dana in "The Lure of the Night Clubs"
 Fred Thompson in "Arizona Nights"
 *Red Grange, Jobyna Ralston in "The Motor Maniac"

*Pre-Showing on following pages.



☞ Sylvia is a woman with one idea—this time her husband discovers that it is a fur coat. (Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody)



☞ Gertrude Short as the dumb chorus girl who knows her entrances.

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

ROBERT TREVELYN, Lew Cody
 SYLVIA TREVELYN

Aileen Pringle

GWEN DE VERE . Gwen Lee

JACK SMITH . . Roy D'Arcy



☞ When a wife catches her husband in the arms of a dizzy blonde there's nothing for papa to do but pay up. (Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody)

Pre-Showing of

Adam and Evil



☞ A word of cheer at the right moment often wins a battle for a pal. (Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton)



☞ Kitten decides to help the helpless Tod. (Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton)



☞ Kitten (Esther Ralston) is the shaft of sunlight around her aunt's theatrical boarding house.

☞ Which Proves
that all Good
Things are Laid at
the Feet of the
Courageous and
Unselfish.

Directed by Dorothy Arzner

KITTEN O'DAY

Esther Ralston

TOD GILBERT, Neil Hamilton

SPEEDING SHAPIRO

El Brendel

SHARON LEE . Jocelyn Lee

ZENO . . Romaine Fielding

Pre-
Showing
of

Ten Modern COMMANDMENTS





Directed by Alexander Korda

CAST

SARI, COUNTESS THURZO

Billie Dove

FRANZ PLESS . . . Lloyd Hughes

ILONA TAZNADI . . . Lilyan Tashman

Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes as Sari and Franz in a picturesque adventure.

Pre-Showing of

The STOLEN Bride

A Racing Car and a Girl at the Goal.



Sally (Jobyna Ralston) watches for the winner's signal.

Directed by Sam Wood

RED WALDEN	Red Grange
SALLY	Jobyna Ralston
AUNT HETTY	Trixie Friganza
SPARKS	Walter Hiers

Red and Sally find a paradise for two—but it doesn't last so long—(Red Grange and Jobyna Ralston).



Pre-Showing of

The MOTOR Maniac



☞ John thinks that an acquaintance so whimsically begun has infinite possibilities. (Jack Mulhall and Jean Arthur)

Directed by
Richard Wallace

JOHN MILLER

Jack Mulhall!

DOC (His trainer)

Charlie Murray

MARGY (The girl)

Jean Arthur

JULIA (her friend)

Jane Winton

☞ To the amazement of his fellows John gets the best of his inferiority complex. (Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, Bruce Gordon and Cornelius Keefe)



☞ Margy (Jean Arthur) gives John an incentive to believe in himself.

Pre-Showing of

The Poor Nut





☞ The magnificent courage of Eliza (Margarita Fischer) shines like a beacon light above the cruelty of her oppressors.



☞ Patient and loving Uncle Tom (James B. Lowe) in a story that is deathless in appeal.

Directed by Harry Pollard
with a large cast.

Pre-Showing of
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN



☞ Upon Bianca's American tour depends her honeymoon with Tito.



☞ Bianca prepares to kill the Prince and thus avenge Tito's supposed death.

Directed by Henry King

THE PRINCE } Ronald
TITO } Colman
BIANCA . Vilma Banky
DUKE UMBERTO
Gustav Von Seyffertitz



☞ Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Pre-Showing of
The MAGIC Flame



⌚ When the call to arms
sounded conflicting
ideals divided many a
home.

Directed by Lloyd Bacon
DOLORES COSTELLO, JASON ROBARDS
and Twenty Prominent Players.



Pre-
Showing
of

The HEART of Maryland

⌚ Maryland offers hospitality to
General Kendrick and his staff.
(Warner Richmond, Erville
Alderson, Dolores Costello)



FASHIONABLE JUNE MARLOWE



¶ June Marlowe wearing a rose satin evening gown elaborately embroidered in silver and rose thread.



¶ For the beach June prefers this blue crepe trimmed with white crepe scallops.



¶ Of unusual daintiness is this charming garden party frock of Swiss lace designed for June Marlowe by Johanna Mathieson.

THERE are few women who can withstand the lure of beautiful clothes. Even the most stoic of ladies will, in passing a particularly attractive display, give at least a cursory glance windowwards. The very strong-

minded will pass majestically on like a ship in full sail—those who are more sympathetically inclined will pause and sigh, perhaps, a time or two. But a regular girl will wade right in and look about. Then if her purse permits she will be in seventh heaven. That's what the picture girls can do, and their beauty, youth and enthusiasm entitles them to it.

Pretty June Marlowe is so often cast in bathing suit pictures that she feels duty bound, off the screen, to indulge in a few pretty frocks, and here they are.

¶ *A Girl Working in a Motion Picture Studio gets Fame, Fortune—Everything. But Having Lovely Clothes is the Most Fun of All.*

A Gift for a CLEVER GIRL

from

Dolores Costello



☞ Dolores powders her nose.



☞ Dolores Costello holding the tasseled vanity case wrought in charming colors in cloisonne.

☞ Here is a chance for you to own Dolores Costello's beautiful vanity case. It will be sent to the writer of the best letter.

But the search revealed many treasures that she had tucked away at odd moments, a slave bracelet, a hair ornament and a cloisonne vanity case tumbled out of the trunk lid. The next time Miss Costello came up for air she saw me admiring the shining new vanity case.

"Cute, isn't it," she said, and the silken tassel and variegated colors seemed to me cute indeed. As the search went on a pile of letters fluttered to the floor.

"From my fans," said Dolores. "They ask me for so many things," and I noticed that one bundle was affectionately tied with ribbons. "It's impossible," she sighed, "for me to gratify them much as I'd like to."

"SCREENLAND," I said tentatively, "has nice gift contests which the fans enjoy. Perhaps your letter writing friends would like to enter into competition for something of yours."

"What, for example," laughed Dolores with her distracting beauty all in a question mark.

Thus it came about that the vanity case was selected.

Dolores continued her job of opening hat boxes. When I got to the door, the maid came in carrying a hat.

"Is this what you wanted, Miss?" she asked.

Dolores gave a little scream of joy, and when I looked back she was busily engaged in ripping the flowers off the hat that had caused her so much trouble.

The cloisonne vanity case which is shown clearly in these pictures will be forwarded to the writer of the best letter. Write your letter about Dolores Costello and see if you can express simply and sincerely the feeling that you have for her.

Address—DOLORES COSTELLO
c/o SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes August 15th, 1927

I HAD been asked to "step right in" to see Miss Costello. But I had already "stepped in", and there was no Miss Costello in sight. I could see nothing but boxes and boxes of hats, and an open trunk. Suddenly a disheveled head appeared above the trunk.

"That mean old hat," Dolores laughed as she discovered me. "I'm leaving for New York this afternoon and the pet hat I wanted to travel in is someplace where I can't find it."



☞ Dolores sports her vanity case.



Antonio Moreno, free lance in pictures but signed for life in popular approval.

*Fame in pictures is first heard in
whispered rumors on Hollywood
Boulevard.*



Russell Simpson, sourdough of "The Trail of '98".



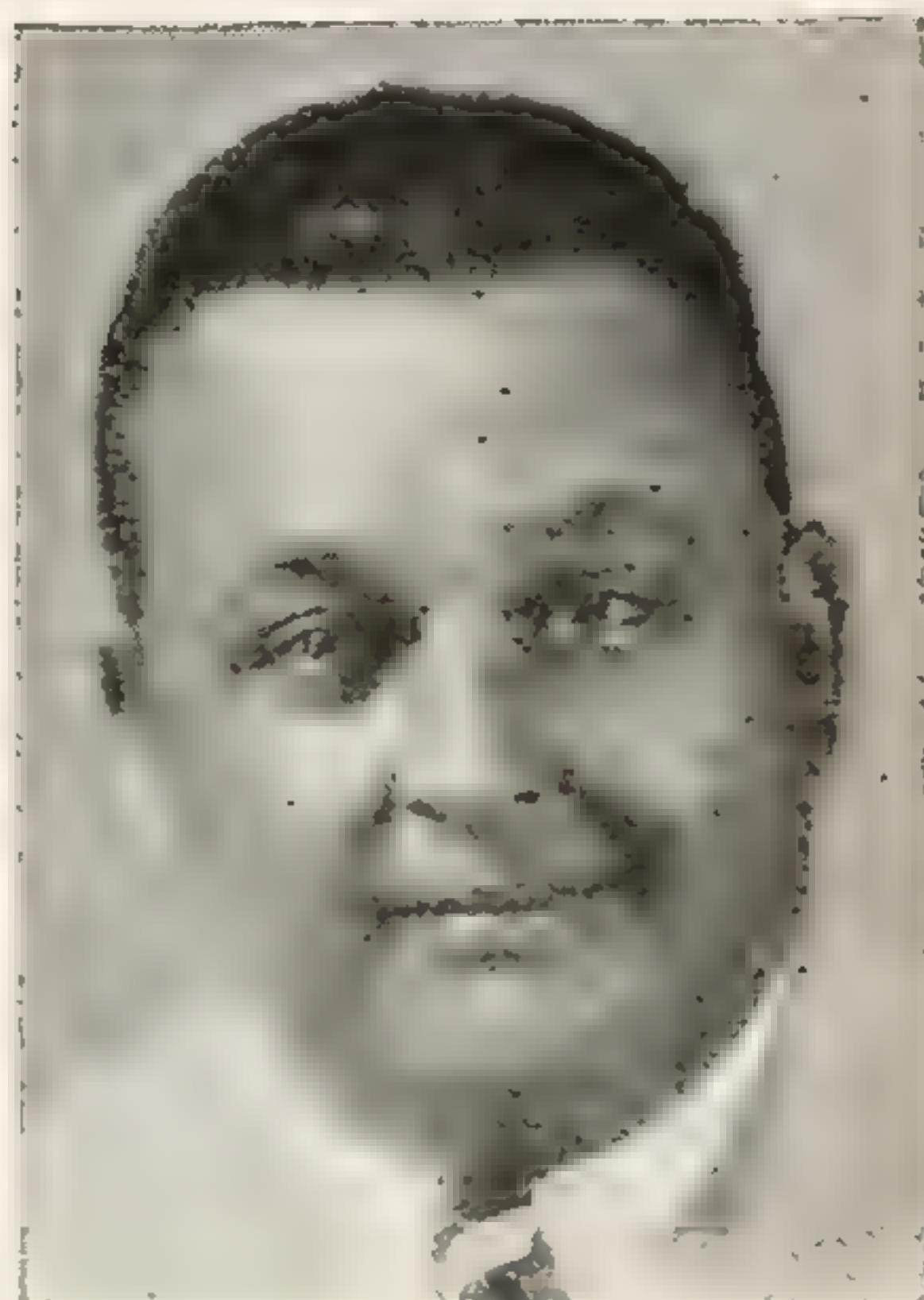
Dolores Del Rio steps aboard the lugger leaving home and husband to start work on "Ramona".

By Martin Martin

RECOPYING my black book of telephone numbers has stirred up a lot of recollections, from Renee Adoree's illness to H. B. Warner in "The King of Kings".

It has been a busy month in Hollywood, I realize, turning the pages.

In the A's I am first reminded that Renee Adoree is in the Hollywood Hospital suffering a relapse from influenza. Her condition has been pronounced serious by her doctor. Renee brought on the relapse by trying to go back to work too soon. She was in the middle of a picture with Lew Cody and tried to save production on cost in this manner. But it was poor economy. Her doctor told me last



Bert Roach. His performance in "Tin Hats" has won him a fat part in "Baby Mine".

night that she will be in the hospital for another week at least.

Mary Astor, I saw at the opening of the Carhay Circle Theater with Kenneth Hawkes, to whom she is reported to be engaged. But Mary won't admit the truth of the rumor. After the breaking of her engagement to Irving Asher some months back, she decided to be sure she was right before another announcement.

Robert Agnew also figures on the engaged list. But he admits it. Ann Rork, daughter of Sam Rork, the producer, is the girl. They plan to be married in June.

Mae Busch I saw, too, at the opening of "Seventh Heaven". She is looking unusually

well these days and is glad to be back in Hollywood from the East.

Vilma Banky I saw in tears as she descended from a trapeze where she has been playing for some authentic close-ups in a dangerous position for a highly paid star. Forty feet up looks a good deal farther down when you sit on a trapeze, swinging back and forth while Henry King, the director, and a cameraman superintend from a nearby platform. When I watched her Vilma didn't even have a net underneath. She had been working for more than an hour on the trapeze, enough to disturb the nerves of anybody.

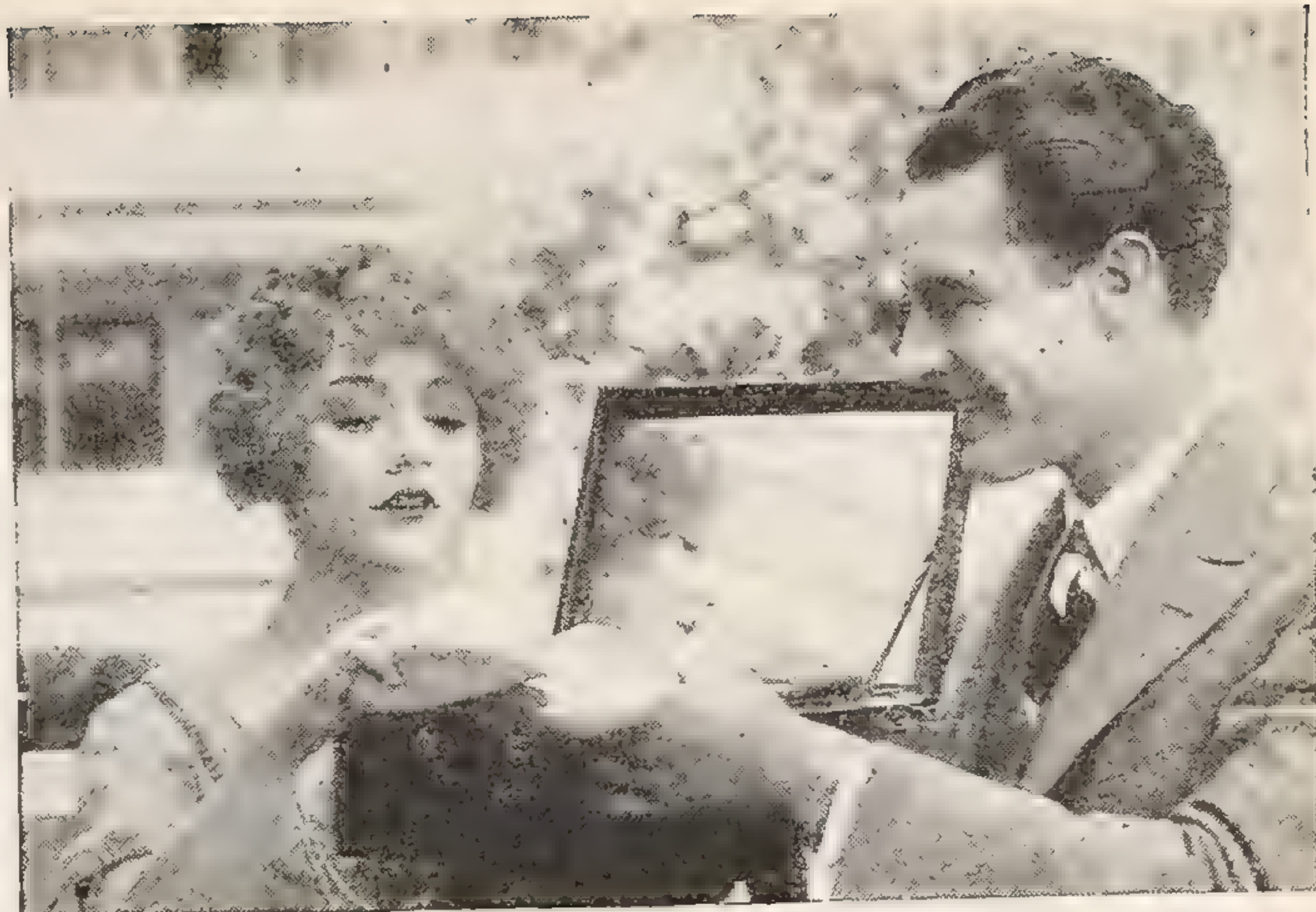
She and Rod La Rocque plan to be married not later than June. I visited Rod in his dressing room on a nearby set on the same afternoon and listened to a great deal about Vilma. In the four years I have known Rod, it's the first time I ever heard him talk like that. He is making "Brigadier Gerard" for De Mille right now.

"When we both finish our pictures," he said, "we're going to take a month off and get married."

Rod doesn't think there is any chance of his playing in a picture with Vilma before their marriage.

By the way Vilma told me that her father, John Cincit, who is still in Europe, is having the family name changed to Banky, in honor of her success.

But I must get on . . . Noah Beery has bought 1,000,000 fish. Hollywood



© Betty Compson and John Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out".



© Sally Blane, a Paramount Junior star with her little sister.



© Lupe Velez leading lady with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho".



© Ernest Torrence as a rum runner in "Twelve Miles Out".

is going to eat them, but it will have to catch them first. Noah is backing a brook trout club about 90 miles from Los Angeles, in which the

film stars will be invited to buy memberships. From his real estate turnovers alone, Beery has recently become a rich man.

Dick Barthelmess is going to have a good picture this time they say. "The Patent Leather Kid" is many weeks behind schedule due to bad weather in a training camp where they shot the war scenes, but I hear only good reports. And his leading lady, Molly O'Day, younger sister to Sally O'Neil, is said to register like a dramatic actress of long experience in the heavy scenes of the film. It is her first too.

Dick was at the opening of "The King of Kings" at Grauman's new Chinese Theater with Adela Rogers St. John, the novelist, who adapted the story of "The Patent Leather Kid".

Lon Chaney, I found out for the first time this month, has a grown son, Creighton T. Chaney, who lives in Hollywood. There is probably less known about Chaney's private life than about that of any other star in the industry. He never attends openings, theaters, banquets, or any gathering places of the film set. His mystery is as great in Hollywood as it is in Oshkosh.

Eddie Carewe, the producer, and his wife, Mary Akin, are expecting another visit of the stork this fall. Their young daughter, Sally Ann, is one of the belles of film babydom.

Dolores Del Rio, with "What Price Glory", "Resurrection", "Carmen" and "The Trail of Ninety Eight" behind her is preparing to start on "Ramona", which Eddie Carewe promises will be her biggest picture to date.

By the way Fox has been juggling with the title of "Carmen" and, I understand, with the cutting of it. As it was previewed the other night, I am informed that Victor McLaglen, instead of Dolores, had most of the scenes. But changes will be made, they say, restoring a more even balance. This is McLaglen's first big role since he played Captain Flagg

in "What Price Glory", and Fox is desirous that he follow this smashing hit with some other worthy part.

Katherine Grant, whom many fans will remember in Hal Roach pictures, is now almost well from a nervous breakdown of long duration, her doctor tells me this month.



☞ Myrna Loy teaching anatomy at the Santa Monica outdoor college.

understand Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was not quite satisfied with Director Bukowetski's conception of the Russian classic and that all footage will be scrapped to allow a new beginning. Bukowetski, who is one of the best known directors in Hollywood, will be given some other vehicle, I hear. Or it may be he will ask for a cash settlement and sign up elsewhere.

—O—

Before I go any further I must tell about Hollywood's reactions to two important premieres of the month, "The King of Kings" and "Seventh Heaven".

The former has been eagerly awaited for months, which may have worked to its disadvantage when it was shown here. At any rate, disappointment



☞ Marcella Daly.—daily becoming more important. She's in "Silk Stockings".

was almost universal. Considering the very delicate nature of the subject I don't know what could have been expected, but the picture definitely failed to hit with the makers of films.

Which reminds me of the words of a critic that whatever Hollywood likes is almost sure to be a failure elsewhere; and vice versa.

But I can hardly believe that will be true of "Seventh Heaven". Here was a picture which came in quietly, boasting no big stars in its cast, nor any special cause for fame.

And never in the history of my attendance at first nights have I heard such a reception as this beautiful love story received.

From beginning to end there were bursts of applause as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell acted their way to fame overnight.

It was the most dramatic event occurring here in many months.

I find it hard to realize that the shy Janet Gaynor I knew a few years ago as an extra could have blossomed into the dramatic actress of "Seventh Heaven".



☞ Ernst Lubitsch and M. G. M.'s navy at work on "Old Heidelberg".

Why Virginia Browne Faire (Mrs. Jack Daugherty) thought it necessary to have that infinitesimal little crook taken out of her nose I don't know, but she did and it has been. After a little rest she will go back to the screen, she told me.

Greta Garbo started at last upon "Anna Karenina", was taken ill this month and all production was held up. I



☞ Esther Ralston gives the "Mike" a good talking to about her next picture "Ten Modern Commandments".



Janet is much the same in many ways as she was then. She attended the opening of her triumph with the same boy she was going with then when she was an extra. Her mother was there, too, with her.

Of course, during those years, Janet has attained some Hollywood wisdom. Following the opening of "Seventh Heaven" she has retained the most expensive motion picture attorney in Los Angeles to discuss an adjustment of her contract with William Fox. The attorney mentions that the contract was signed when Janet was a minor and that she has a right to break it when she becomes of age in October.

Undoubtedly she is worth a lot more than she is getting from the Fox Company. And she will probably get it. Marceline Day, also a minor when her contract was signed, fought Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to a standstill and secured a considerable increase in her salary.

Couples chosen at random from the crowd of film favorites at the opening of "Seventh Heaven" were: George K. Arthur and Dorothy Mackail, Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon, Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen, Bebe Daniels and Charlie Paddock, and those two musketeers, Jack Pickford, the dapper, and Ward Crane, the sardonic. These last come "stag" to many openings, but their conquests of the heart are many and known throughout the land. To many of the private parties in Hollywood, Jack comes with Bebe Daniels.

Earle Rafael Williams is dead and his passing was mourned by the entire film colony.

To his widow the late actor left a \$200,000 estate, including valuable property around Los Angeles. Mrs. Williams already has moved from the home of many memories to the beach, where she lives with her baby daughter, Joan Constance.

The little girl is named after Constance Talmadge, who was with Mrs. Williams from the time of Earle's collapse until his death five days later.

Williams began his picture career with Vitagraph sixteen years ago. He previously had been on the stage for many years.

Readjustment after tragedy also faces Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack, widow of the well beloved Charlie Mack. Now that her first grief is over, Mrs. Mack tells me that she will return to the screen, possibly under the name of Lily Lloyd, which she used in Buenos Aires, Argentina. For a number of years she made films for a South American concern in that city. She also is a writer of short stories.

Joseph M. Schenck, on the stand in a Los Angeles courtroom this month, drew a laugh from the judge himself with his retorts to questions about the earning power of Charlie Chaplin.

Question: "Mr. Schenck, isn't it true that Charlie Chaplin has as large an earning capacity as any star in motion pictures?"

Answer: "No, that is not true because (Cont. on page 101)

Miss Columbia's boy friend playing with Snooks—Universal's baby star.



Barbara Kent giving her sex appeal a day's outing at the beach.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan on the West Coast. Tommy is making "We're All Gamblers".



Putting the magic in "The Magic Flame". Henry King directing Ronald Colman and Shirley Palmer.

By Marion of Hollywood

William Powell's next picture is "Nevada"—that's where they free the slaves—but this isn't a divorce picture.



A COUPLE of years ago a bunch of girls went over to Fox to take a test for the O. Henry girl. Among them was a little girl who knew she had the stuff and almost cried her eyes out when they told her she wasn't "quite the type". Oh, that's an old story out in Hollywood. You're either "not the type", or else you came exactly half an hour too late to get the part! Do you think that worries us out here or sends us home to twirl our thumbs and mourn our loss? I'll tell you not! Maybe we have a cry or two and spend a day or so discouraged-like—but not for long. Little Janet Gaynor's only one example. Two years ago she took the Fox O. Henry test and lost completely, but now she's quite the toast of Hollywood. Everyone here is talking about Janet Gaynor and "Seventh Heaven"—Janet Gaynor and "Seventh Heaven". Maybe we starve a bit and have our cries; maybe we almost lose and almost give it up a number of times; but hand it to us, All You Folks Out There—please hand it to us—an awful bunch of us stick to the end till something's bound to break. It simply isn't in the cards to keep on losing all the time. Janet's just the newest one who'll tell you never to lose faith.

* * *

Remember the "Kodak Girl?" Remember the field of swaying grass, the girl with the straw hat in her hand and the simple dress of the black and white stripes? You've doubtless seen it a million and one times. Do you know who it is? If not, just ask King Vidor! He'll tell you it's none other than Eleanor Boardman—Mrs. King. So I ask you, is it as big a surprise to you as it was to me, or did you know it all the time?

* * *

I've seen many a bit of fun out here, but I think I



The Los Angeles Police Department made Joan Crawford a reserve officer. She doesn't show much reserve.

never saw quite so much for a worthy cause as this month in the persons of that impish bit of a Clara Bow and that devilish rascal, Chester Conklin. Of course you can imagine that outside of selling a lot of papers and getting a bunch of money for the Mississippi Flood Fund, they started clowning around and had more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Clara, with her red checked bloomers and sparkling brown eyes, and Chester with his kaki over-alls and walrus mustache, had the "whole town talking", all right! You never saw such fun. And they both came in all hot and tired, but beaming with success and ready to try again the following day.

* * *

On the Boulevard the other night I met none other than Emily Fitzroy, taking an evening stroll and looking fit as a fiddle. She says she has done going home to "rest" after the day's work is through; she used



© Betty Jewel and the uplifting power of calf love.

to do that, but now she's decided she feels and looks much better if she takes a nice walk and then attends a movie show. She told me a good one about her husband, who seemingly isn't yet familiar with the ways of studio life. They had planned a week-end trip, and at the very last moment the Metro-Goldwyn studio where she was working ordered the company away on loca-



© Eddie Cantor and his family glorifying the Follies comedian.

tion. Mr. Fitzroy couldn't understand it at all! "Why don't you tell them," says he, "that it isn't convenient for you to go at this time and that you prefer working this week on the studio lot?" Well, we laughed and laughed, because you can easily imagine how much easier it would be for Emily to tell them to get her the moon!

* * *

Tommy is back—yes, Tommy Meighan is back with us again, and he's having the time of his life out here in the California sunshine. He brought Mrs. Tommy along with him, too, and they're calling it home, sweet home. The first couple of days weren't so good, and while I was puzzling my head about the whole affair, Tommy's secretary cleared the puzzle for me. "He's feeling much better this morning," says he, "because Mrs. Meighan is feeling fine again. You know, they've been married for years and years, but as sure as there's something wrong with that wife of



© Lois Wilson in "The Gingerham Girl".



Q Kathryn Carver
—they say—she
will wed Adolphe
Menjou.

his there's something wrong with him." It's funny how I can always tell when Mrs. Meighan isn't feeling well. I've been a faithful admirer of Thomas Meighan for many, many moons; I've admired him in many, many ways. But never was I quite so fond of Tommy as I've been since Tommy's secretary showed me the softest side of Mr. Thomas Meighan.

* * *

Eddie Cantor betook himself unto the stage again this week and entertained us folks from Hollywood. For the first performance he had his four little girls in the nearest box, and told the audience he was taking no chances on getting the right amount of applause. And do those four little ladies think their Daddy is good? If you don't believe me, simply write a letter to Miss Marjorie Cantor, Beverly Hills, California, and get your information absolutely first hand. Eddie brought the movies to the vaudeville house, and told a brand new joke about himself. Some little boy kept asking for a photo-

Q Estelle Taylor helping
to dig her new swim-
ming pool says—"This
is probably all the exer-
cise I'll get out of it
because I don't like
swimming."

graph of the comedian. At first Eddie was flattered, and then when the tenth photo was requested he became curious and asked his admirer what he was doing with such a tremendous number of photographs. The little fellow smiled. "Oh, Mr. Cantor," he replied, "the kid next door has two pictures of Ramon Novarro, and he told me if I'd get him ten of you he'd give me one of Ramon's. He likes to make a funny face on yours." Can you imagine Eddie springing this one on himself?

* * *

You folks with little sister always having to be "taken care of"—never mind. You're right in style. The little sister fad is absolutely new in Hollywood, and to be in style you lug an infant in your arms. First

there's Fay Wray with a little four-year old affair; then Sally Blane with three years of baby sister to be tended to; and after that, Nancy Phillips, trying to keep two years and a half of infant Phillips out of mischief. So never mind you folks who have to mind the little sister nuisance—it's all the style and puts you in the social swim of Hollywood.

* * *

The other day while I was watching them take a scene for "The Patent Leather Kid," I couldn't help wondering what these folks who kick about the seeming cruelty to animals in films would think of wasting prac-



Q Frances Williams of
the George White's
Scandals who now
dances and sings for
the Vitaphone.



Q Lois Moran's next
picture is "I Don't
Want to Marry".



Ⓒ Raymond Griffith at home. They say he is about to be his own producer.

shot was being spoiled, while Dick came back and whispered something in his ear. Can you beat it—Dick was ashamed to let us hear him apologize to Director Al Santell; he was afraid we'd hear how it worried him lest master pig get under the deadly hoofs of the oncoming cavalry! And in the few wasted moments for saving master pig, the sun went down and it cost the company \$2500.00 to call the whole troupe back again next morning.

* * *

"When you have hungry in the stomach you can't loving."

Absolutely, Lya, absolutely! We understand perfectly and don't blame you one solitary bit for not wanting to go through fiery love scenes on an empty stomach. That, you see, is what the de Putti lady was speaking about. It was almost two o'clock, and the love scenes were going so beautifully that Director James Young was completely enthralled and forgot the well-known slogan, "when do we eat?"

Ⓒ Greta Nissen in "Prince Fazil" an inspiration to alarm clock designers.



tically \$2500.00 to have the life of a silly little baby piggy-wig-wig. A shot had to be taken of American soldiers entering a French village. There were about five hundred soldiers getting extra checks; easily a hundred horses with their mounts were on the list for the day; women; children; chickens; cows; goats; and an old mother pig with about thirteen baby piglets, getting paid. It was one of those shots so difficult to get just right. The sun had kept her smiling face inside a cloud until eleven, and Director Santell had figured it best to call lunch hour. At twelve the crowd was back again and rehearsals started. At three everything was set for the cameras to grind. They started. Right in the midst of the scene a little piglet lost his mama pig, mixed himself up in the passing soldiers and started to squeal at the top of his squealer. Each soldier side-stepped the little trouble-maker. Dick Barthelmess, in the front line, had passed, and I was wondering what was to become of young piggy-wig-wig as soon as the line of horses came along. All of sudden I saw the whole line stop. Director Santell was obviously much disturbed that such a marvelous

Ⓒ Ethelyne Clair in a scenic tableau entitled — "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."



When Fame and Fortune Came to the Door—Continued from page 23

"I met Lawrence Stallings (Author of *The Big Parade* and *What Price Glory*) in California," remarked James.

"Well, well," I said. "And I suppose he wants to write a story all around you?"

"Why, no," replied Mr. Murray. "He just said that he thought he must have met me before. I said no. 'Well,' he said, 'then I must have seen you somewhere. I'd swear to it.' 'Maybe you saw me when I was a doorman at the Capitol Theatre in New York,' I told him."

That's Jimmy Murray all over. He'll tell you all about the time he was plugging along on the Gay White Way, with nary a nod from the big boys who bow to him now. Jimmy bears no grudges. He likes a laugh and his old home town has handed him several. And it's given him other things, this visit. Up in the Bronx, where his father, mother, three brothers and two sisters live, they staged a welcome-home celebration he'll never forget, with a brass band and all the trimmings. And he has held up traffic on Fifth Avenue while cameras were focussed on him for exterior shots. The street he tried to buck will soon have his name in big electric lights. New York is mighty proud of her boy—since he made good in California.

Well, you can imagine the way we feel now! Here he was hanging around for years—right on Broadway in full view of the audience. He punched our passes, and handed back ticket stubs to visiting movie magnates and famous directors. He smiled pleasantly to all the thousands who passed him at the door of the Capitol. Critics hurried through to view the work of some leading man or other not nearly as good-looking as Jimmy. And did we notice him, did we start, and exclaim: "Young man, your face is your fortune. You should try the movies?"

We did not. We passed him right up, like the big boobs we are. No wonder Jimmy Murray learned to depend on himself and to doubt there was a Santa Claus—I mean a Columbus. Roxy, then the manager of the Capitol, appreciated his talent—he gave him a ten-dollar prize once, but only for good behavior. How I wish I could say of King Vidor's sensational find, "I always knew that handsome doorman would make good someday." Maybe I don't feel foolish now!

There was nothing for him to do but to discover himself. He got a job in a play called "*The World We Live In*", the Insect Comedy. He was one of the ants. Then he found work in a short subject educational picture "*The Pilgrim*", in which he played John Alden. But New York continued to look the other way. Her indifference inspired him to try Hollywood. He went out there—and he came back. Nobody paid much attention to James Murray out there. His first home-coming—back to Broadway, and the Bronx—was no triumphal entry. But Jimmy wasn't licked. He squared those broad shoulders and went west all over again.

Fame overnight? No such thing. A year and a half went by, and still no Jimmy Murray appeared on the horizon of fame. There was extra work—sometimes. Then again, there wasn't. In fact, one whole month there wasn't. If this was a movie, a sub-title right here would read: "And in

this month the Boy became a Man". A month without any kind of job at all will turn the trick—or lick. Jimmy had the stuff, and stuck.

"Didn't you have any screen tests, besides mob scenes?" I asked him. It seemed incredible that such a handsome lad could hang around Hollywood without recognition—until I remembered Broadway, and blushed.

"I had lots of screen tests," said Jimmy. "I had so many they became an old story. When somebody else would say to me, 'Report tomorrow and you can have a test', I'd smile, because those stereotyped tests never came to anything. They were no indication of anybody's ability. And besides, every time I responded to the invitation for a test, I was losing a good day's work in another studio as an extra."

No less than six well-known directors tested him—and apparently found him wanting, though in what, they didn't tell. And I doubt if they know to this day. Meanwhile he played extra in "*Beau Geste*", "*Old Ironsides*", and countless other films. And then—there's always an "and then" in movie stories. It's what makes the movies go 'round. And then, one day after extra work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios,

the test, he made the rounds of the studios for more tangible work. Five days passed, five days when extra work was regular. A day's work at seven-fifty a day was not to be sniffed at. The prospect of another screen test meant just a half day's work without pay. Do you wonder that Murray did not jump at the chance of a seventh screen test, even for King Vidor?"

But Vidor needed a young man for the leading rôle in his big new picture, "*The Crowd*"—it may be called "*The March of Life*" by the time you're reading this. He couldn't seem to find that young man among the stock-players at the studio. He consulted the casting office for the telephone number of the young man whose face had interested him that rainy night—that mysterious young man who had passed up a chance. Finally the number was located and Murray was notified that he had received a call from the casting office of M. G. M. to report to the studio the following morning. Such a call means one thing—work; and it's never disregarded. Murray reported.

Cue for Song: "This is My Lucky Day", by James Murray. It certainly turned out to be. Vidor had prepared no ordinary screen test. He took the trouble to order music, "dress" the set, and call on Eleanor Boardman Vidor to work with the newcomer. When Murray reported he was given the script to read. "Are you nervous?" asked Vidor. "Because if you are, we'll let the test go to another day." This was a challenge and at the same time a soothing syrup. It smoothed the way for Jimmy. He felt right at home. When it came time for him to show his stuff, he felt it, and put it over like an experienced trouper. Vidor shot one scene and Murray was so good in it that the director was afraid he might have been

inspired by excitement. He might carry one scene—and then flop when it came to working day by day. So Vidor kept at it. One whole Saturday was spent doing bits from the picture, scene by scene, from a synopsis. At the end of that day, Murray didn't know whether he would go over—or flop. And he had to wait until the following Tuesday to find out! On Tuesday morning he was sent for. Not for just an hour—not for just a day—not for just a week—but always! Yep—he got the job, and a contract, too.

The rôle of the young clerk in "*The Crowd*" is a man-sized part. It demands thought, poise, and heavy emotion. It takes the "hero" from boyhood to old age. It makes him a husband and a father; a success and a failure. It provides really big scenes. Under Vidor's expert direction, Jimmy has the chance of a lifetime. He is so happy playing the part that he says he wishes the picture would never be finished. New York, which is taking an interest to the extent of providing the leading man and the exterior scenes, will make a big fuss when Jimmy's picture comes to Broadway. In the meantime, everybody can get a glimpse of the boy in "*The Understanding Heart*".

There have been several big picture openings along Broadway since James Murray has been in town. But he hasn't gone to any. "I'm not going to a first night until Mr. Vidor's picture opens", he says.

THE JOAN CRAWFORD DRESS FAN-LETTER CONTEST WAS WON BY

MISS C. L. GRAHAM
214 Strong Hall
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Joan Crawford's dress has been sent to Miss Graham and SCREENLAND sends with it sincere congratulations to a clever letter writer.

Jimmy left the studio by the front gate instead of through the casting office as usual. It was raining, in spite of the Chamber of Commerce. And it was a long, long way from Culver City to Jimmy's furnished room in Hollywood. He walked through the gate and stood considering. Carfare clinked in his pocket; he'd been working regularly; but with Irish optimism he wondered if he couldn't beg a ride from one of the cars that shot by him on their way to town. "Give me a lift" is the common cry in California, where the distance from studio to studio is as hard on shoe-leather as it is on hopes. Jimmy raised his hand as an indication that he would like a lift, and when a car pulled up he jumped in. The man and the girl in the car were nice and polite to him, and when the man asked him if he worked in pictures, he answered readily that he did.

"Well," said the man, who wasn't so much older than Jimmy himself, "I'm King Vidor. Would you like to come to the studio for a test?"

"Sure," grinned Jimmy. He'd go, but he wouldn't be fooled. If he got some extra work out of it he'd be lucky. "I'll come over if I'm not working," he said.

"If you are working tomorrow," persisted Vidor, "don't fail to see me the next day, then."

Jimmy promised. But he had a call for extra work the next day. And the day after that, instead of reporting to Vidor for

The STAGE COACH

By Morrie Ryskind

"MERRY-GO-ROUND"

WHETHER "Merry-Go-Round" will still be among those present when you read this review is in the laps of the gods. But, inasmuch as it is the only show we have been able to see this past six weeks or so, it is

the only show we can review. If it's still here when you read this, you may know it has been well received by the public. If it is not playing, you will know that your correspondent is sitting up with the corpse.

"Merry-Go-Round", according to the announcements, is a review in two parts with book and lyrics by Morrie Ryskind and Howard Dietz; music by Henry Souvaine and Jay Gorney; ballets and pantomimes by Walt Kuhn; dances arranged by Raymond Midgley; entire production staged by Allan Dinehart; presented by Richard Herndon at the Klaw Theatre beginning Tuesday evening, May 31.



☞ Betty Healey is one of the reasons for "A Night in Spain".

(Photograph by James Hargis Connelly)



(Photograph by Hal Phylfe)

☞ Dorothy Wegman, one of the high lights in Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita".



(Photograph by Carlotta Fairchild)

☞ Ethel Barrymore in "The Constant Wife".

The whole thing started this way: it seems Mr. Herndon reads SCREENLAND from cover to cover, and therefore The Stage Coach. "What ho!" quoth he one morning to us, "You sound as though you knew something about shows." Our modest reply was that we knew all about them and that we had one written. Well, one word led to another, and before he knew it Herndon had signed contracts with us.

Let us say right now that it is a lot easier to criticize shows than to write them. True, writing a show isn't so frightful; but re-writing it to suit the people who are engaged for it—that, brethren, is something else again.

During rehearsals, tempers snap. Actors walk out and walk right in again. Authors and producers learn not to speak to each other unless it's absolutely necessary. Mild-mannered directors arise and utter language not originally intended for mixed company. Chorus girls weep and storm. It is, if you care for that sort of thing, a fairly hectic existence.

Incidentally, and if this be treason, I don't know what you can do about it, the greatest ego in the world is the actor's. Give another actor a laugh in a scene, and your ordinary actor dies. It must be his scene, and his alone. And when I say *his*, don't think I don't mean *hers*, too. Oh, yes—especially *hers*.

Well, rehearsals are stormy, and then comes the try-out week in Atlantic City, and with it a lull before the new storm. Monday

(Cont. on page 95)

You've Got to Know Your Onions—Continued from page 39

"Well, you aren't particularly well read even if you do dust off 'Resurrection' and 'Anna Karenina' conscientiously. You play no musical instrument—not even a ukelele. Your dancing is nothing to brag about because you're a little heavy amidsthips. You can't cook at all. And your double chin is quite pronounced. To be frank, I think you're a little selfish. You like to have everything your own way. If you want to marry a super-man, I think you ought to go out and learn a few things. What do you think you have now to interest a man such as you describe?"

I can't forget the look in Dora's eyes. But I don't believe playing the "heavy" friend did a bit of good. That girl, like so many of us, places too high a premium on the few fast fading feminine charms which nature wreathed us with at birth.

Life is not a complex affair at all. It's relatively simple. You get out of it just what you put in. And that applies to marriage, courtship, clerking in a store, going on the stage or winning a place on the screen. Before you can get you have to be willing to give—prodigally.

Ethel Barrymore, I think it was, has advised: "If you want to go on the stage, learn to sing and dance."

Maybe that sounds stupid to you. You'll say: "I don't want to go into opera or musical comedy. I want to play deep, dramatic roles—like Greta Garbo and Lya de Putti do."

But it makes no difference. Before you can act—but that is the wrong word to use—before you can create an illusion, before you can portray a deep, dramatic character you must be free. Your voice, your torso, your limbs, your eyes, your head, all must be free from that terrible band of self-consciousness, that awful constriction that sends many a talented Bernhardt back to measuring off ribbon in the variety store. And the only way to free yourself is by taking intensive training in the best place your means and environment will afford.

If you want to go on the screen one of the surest ways is to get on the stage first. Nine out of every ten motion picture players of any prominence have had a stage career or stage training as a starter.

Of course, we have all heard of girls who have been seen on the street, in school, at the railroad station by various directors and producers, and immediately have been engaged for stellar roles. That has happened, is happening and will happen again. But it can't come to many of us. Nevertheless all of you who are pretty and prepossessing, who have real ability, have a greater chance to succeed on the screen than ever before. Cecil De Mille or Jesse Lasky may not see you on the street and invite you to star in their next picture but regardless of that, if you are willing to go through the necessary training, the flaming road to glory can be climbed by you as it has been by great artists in the past.

Eleanor Boardman, to my mind, is a real artist. The reason for it is her simplicity. She is the person she is portraying. Long ago she threw herself, as Eleanor Boardman, away. When you see her in "Tell it to the Marines" she is a nurse. When you watch her in "Bardelys the Magnificent" she is Bardelys' beloved. And she didn't achieve these transitions over night. She is one of the most intelligent women on the screen to-day, I think, and she has turned this intelligence, through years of unceasing study, into intensive training. And now you see her as she is—at the height of her career,

beloved by millions and by her own King Vidor.

You, too, can be an Eleanor Boardman. Further, you can strive to be a Bernhardt or a Duse or a Rachel. America has a fine primitive spirit, which if turned into proper dramatic channels, is capable in this age of turning out a greater emotional actress than the world has ever seen. Because our country is fresh, primitive, untouched by the dying influence of an outworn civilization. This generation has the greatest chance—the first chance of any preceding. Previously we have been too busy—discovering, colonizing, fighting Indians, settling our own internal disorders, building cities, manufactures, automobiles, skyscrapers—to give much time or thought or money or heart to the upbuilding of our American stage.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

“Did you think this was Phyllis Haver? Well you will soon know her as Roxy Hart in ‘Chicago’.”

But just now, with such men as Eugene O'Neill freshening our drama; with such women as Eva Le Gallienne and Katherine Cornell building up the prestige of our theatre; with Merian Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack and Karl Brown producing a new sort of films; with Eleanor Boardman and Dolores Del Rio showing what true screen students can do—why shouldn't America take her place and utilize and amplify her talents until she produces the greatest dramatic artist the world has ever seen. And it may be that you will be that artist.

How can you do it? That's simple. If you have a will to do it, the rest is easy. It takes will, will, will,—work, work, work—and then more will. What's that? Talent? Oh, well I'll tell you, if you haven't any talent, after you have been studying, rehearsing, practising, dancing, singing, exercising, fencing, walking and posturing from ten to sixteen hours a day for many months, you'll suddenly notice that your determination has given out. And then all you'll have to do will be to pack your new wardrobe trunk and go back home and marry the boy friend. You'll still play a major role—leading the younger matrons in your country club set.

But if your will endures—and you permit neither heartache, heartbreak, languor, weariness, friendships, follies nor passions to conquer you—then you can be sure you're on the flaming road to glory. And as Mrs. Leslie Carter can tell you, there is no sound on this earthly sphere so eternally satisfying as to stand in the wings of the theatre on the opening night of your successful play and listen to the wave upon wave of frenzied applause that drifts in to you across the footlights.

If I wanted to be a screen success, there is just one place I would go—and that's to Yale. Now don't get frightened and say you can't afford it. The course at Yale costs one-half of what you will pay in New York at any dramatic school of repute. Besides living expenses at New Haven, Connecticut, are naturally somewhat lower than in New York. But that's not the reason I would go to Yale. I would go there because Yale is the theater.

What's that you say, You don't intend to go to any school? Well, that's fine if you can procure a first class engagement without any dramatic preparation. But as a sophisticated little friend of mine says, a tiny ingenue who has worn out many pairs of the highest heels trudging up and down Broadway seeking an engagement: "There are only two ways to get on screen or stage: First and surest, go to the best school of the drama you can find, work like a fiend for a year and then don't kick if you have to spend another twelve months walking Broadway looking for a job; and second, and not so sure, marry a producer." But this is not an entirely satisfactory route for he may want to cast you as the lead in a purely maternal play.

At Yale you have your own theater to work in, a theater specially designed and built for this purpose. You don't only learn to act at the Yale School of Fine Arts. You learn what is much better—the whole science of the theater; its history, organization and maintenance; the different forms of drama; you write your own plays, act in them and produce them; in addition, you are taught history of stage design, practice and theory of stage design, stage lighting; history of costume and practice of costume design; dramatic criticism; pageantry; and the technique of the drama. It is the finest, fullest training for the screen or stage that any person can find in the United States. Professor George Pierce Baker who guides the destinies of Yale's dramatic students has for years been acknowledged one of the foremost dramatic educators in America. Furthermore, he is one of the few whose teachings are respected by the producers of New York City.

From the moment you enter this Fine Arts class which you do by the stage entrance of this theatre, until you leave it at the end of the course, your entire work takes place actually in the theatre. You live, move, and breathe—only in this theatre. Students have become so enthusiastic over their work under Professor Baker that sometimes they refuse to leave the building and often the theatre lights have to be turned out before they can make up their minds to stop work and go home.

The cost of this course is only \$200. In some instances, for special fitness and unusual talent, scholarships can be arranged. For information address the Secretary of the Department of Drama, School of Fine Arts, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

If you don't agree with me on the Yale idea, I have other suggestions for you. Naturally, different dispositions respond to varied kinds of tutoring. Just recently John Murray Anderson, the noted New York Producer, together with Robert Milton, a well known director, started a School of the Theatre and Dance where a special and unique department is devoted to the study of Motion Pictures.

This department is headed by Mr. George Currie, formerly of Sargent's, who has directed and tutored Marion Davies in much of her work and who was in charge of the Paramount Motion Picture School which has been discontinued.

Now there is a great deal of graft in the average school which claims to teach motion picture acting. Usually they take your money, give you a few dusty lectures, a course in so-called make-up and turn you loose. John Murray Anderson's School gives a one hundred percent legitimate training for the screen. The curriculum includes everything you need to know to become a successful moving picture player. You do your work before a camera and then you are judged on your fitness by the way you screen, the way you show up on a finished screen product.

Again, in this school you stand a two-fold chance for procuring professional employment. While it does not guarantee either to provide or to find work in the motion picture studios for any of the students, it has the endorsement and good-will of the Paramount Corporation, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Corporation and the Robert Kane Productions. And in addition, each week John Murray Anderson stages presentations for the great Paramount Theatre in New York. So you have the opportunity—if you have real talent—of procuring work at one of the studios or of appearing in one of the many acts which Mr. Anderson provides for the Paramount Theatre.

Of course, in order to enter this Moving Picture school at all, you must pass a screen test. If it is not possible for you to have such a test made in your own town, then you must have four photographs taken, full face, right profile, left profile, and a full length picture in a bathing suit—so that any defects of face or figure may be seen.

I am unable to state certainly if any scholarships are procurable in this institution. However that may be, this school is the worthiest place that I know of for people actually desiring real experience before the camera. It is worth making an effort to procure the necessary \$500 for tuition and the additional sum for living expenses because of Mr. John Murray Anderson's close connection with theatre and film activities of every kind. Mr. Hugh A. Anderson, Murray's brother, and one of the sincerest and most genial of men, is the Executive Director of this unusual institution. If you write to him, I feel sure that he will do everything to help you work out your problems. His address is 128-130 East 58th Street, New York.

And now perhaps it would interest you to know of some of the distinguished artists whom John Murray Anderson has directed. It is a sort of inspiration to know that the same hands that will shape your career have helped to develop many famous men and women. These include among others: Lily Langry, Blanche Bates, Irene Castle, Fannie Brice, Lew Fields, Bert Beri, Lina Basquette, Clarke and McCullough, the Dolly Sisters, Gallagher and Shean, Brooke Johns, Vincent Lopez, Ted Lewis, Moran and Mack, Ann Pennington, and Fritzi Scheff.

And now I come to the school which

holds the reputation for being the oldest and most renowned dramatic institution in the United States—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Carnegie Hall, New York.

Years ago this school was founded by a most unusual man—Franklin H. Sargent. It is not permitted for us to look into his personal life, nevertheless some overwhelming disappointment came to him that caused him to turn from everything else and put his whole life and soul into his school for the theatre. The spirit of Franklin Sargent lives to-day in that school as you will realize when you speak with the Secretary, Emil Diestel.

If you write or call to see Mr. Diestel, he can make you feel in five minutes more than I could if I wrote endlessly. For he was Franklin Sargent's friend and disciple. And he, better than almost anybody, understands what Franklin Sargent had in mind when he started his academy.



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

¶ *Marceline Day has the best opportunity of her career in Joseph Conrad's "Romance"—her next picture.*

The course at the American Academy includes:

- Pantomime Training,
- Vocal Training,
- Stage Training,
- Department of Conception,
- Pantomimic Expression,
- Vocal Expression,
- Stage Expression.

The most instructive feature of this school is the stage direction which the students receive from those two inimitable directors and former actors, Charles Jehlenger and Joseph Adelman. Long after you have graduated from this Academy, long after you've played in stock, on the road and on Broadway, you will think back with regret on the direction of these two men. And many times you will wish that your present professional director could bring out in you the deep emotion that Mr. Jehlenger and Mr. Adelman were able to call forth in student days.

Sargent's course costs approximately \$400 but Mr. Diestel, Room 141 Carnegie Hall, New York, will give you exact information.

This school has a remarkable record for turning out successful artists. Both William

and Cecil De Mille are graduates of this academy. Other pupils include: Douglas MacLean, Doris Kean, Grace George, Jane Cowl, Clare Eames, Joseph Schildkraut, Hope Hampton, Margalo Gilmore, Wilfred Buckland, Paul Bern, Pedro de Cordoba, Mary Nash, Violet Blackton and Owen Davis, Jr.

If your heart is set on a dramatic career, a school would seem to be the only solution unless you happen to be Douglas Fairbanks' sister or Mary Pickford's niece. Take the case of Sarah Siddons who is universally acknowledged to be the first and greatest English tragedienne. She was practically born on the stage and commenced her career as a very young child. After ten years or so she achieved some little success in the English provinces and so procured an engagement at the famous Drury Lane Theatre in London—where she was an appalling failure. Despite all those years of technical training on the professional stage she was an out-and-out dismal failure.

But Sarah Siddons has a stamina that isn't often equalled in this lackadaisical world. She returned to the provinces, became the mother of several children, and after five years' slavish labor touring in provincial English towns, returned to Drury Lane where her success was instantaneous.

Such a woman is an inspiration. When you compare her decade of struggle and heartbreak with the difficulties you will experience in achieving the opportunity and means to attend a dramatic school for a year or two, your troubles will seem infinitesimal.

The most practical school of the theater to-day in America would seem to me to be the Theatre Guild. You already know about the work that the famous Guild has been doing so I won't go into that. Because of the enormous difficulty in finding young, talented people to train for the stage, the Theatre Guild has organized a school which it runs in actual connection with their Theatres. The course consumes a year and costs eleven hundred dollars. But so eager are they to find real genius that if you show promise, it is possible to procure a scholarship. Last year the class started in with one hundred and thirty-seven pupils. All were dropped with the exception of forty-seven. These forty-seven carried on and only one failed to procure professional engagements immediately. One of the pupils, Ellen Dorr went immediately from this school to the lead in "Loose Ankles". Another, Linda Watkins, was very shortly assigned a role in "The Devil in the Cheese". And still another procured a profitable engagement in "Wild Man from Borneo".

If you have real talent I believe you will market your wares sooner by attending the School of the Theatre Guild than by any other in America. For all information address the Theatre Guild School, 342 West 52nd Street, New York City.

When you've made up your mind that you will get out of your screen career just what you put in it, when you've decided that what you need is the best form of intensive dramatic training that you can procure, you will be confused perhaps by the number of schools from which you must choose. One of the best ways to judge an institution is to find out what sort of pupils they have turned out. While I have not personally inspected the Alviene University School of Arts, the list of celebrities who have studied under Mr. Claude Alviene is certainly prepossessing: A few of them include: Mary Pickford, Eleanor Painter, Joseph Santley, Nora Bayes, Annette Kellermann, Hazel Dawn, Gertrude Hoffman, Gilbert Miller, Claiborn Foster, William

Faversham, John Golden, Laurette Taylor, the Dolly Sisters, Florence Nash, Alice Joyce, Edith Taliaferro, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Morosco, Arthur Murray and Mary Miles Minter. An inquiry addressed to No. 66 West 85th Street, will bring you a catalogue and other information.

The need for intensive training was never so great as to-day. The time is past when producers were willing to spend time, money and energy rehearsing and preparing raw recruits for success on screen and stage. Young people who aspire for honors in this age must know their business not indifferently but wholly.

One of the surest cuts to a screen career is through the tips of your toes. This is how Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, Mae Murray and scores of others made the picture grade.

Ned Wayburn, widely known producer and teacher, will give you the training which will enable you to get your feet on a rung of the screen or stage ladder. In his studios at 1841 Broadway, any and all forms of dancing are taught at a reasonable cost and within a limited time.

Always the word "money" is donging itself into our ears. From the cradle to the crematorium, it's money, money, money. It costs money to be ushered into the world, and money to retire from it. One of the quickest ways to have a worthy pay envelope fall into your hands each week is by putting yourself under the tutelage of this really celebrated man.

Let's just go over some of the figures earned by the Ned Wayburn pupils. Take Evelyn Law, for instance. She was divorced, developed and managed by Mr. Wayburn. She has appeared as a dancing star in the "Follies" and "Louis the 14th". She began at \$75 a week and is now earning \$750.

Ann Pennington is another internationally famous star who has received as high as three thousand dollars a week in vaudeville. She also was directed by Mr. Wayburn, as was Marilynn Miller who starred in "Sonny" and "Sally". While in the latter, she earned three thousand dollars a week for eighty weeks. Our own Gilda Gray, directed by Mr. Wayburn in the 1922 "Follies" recently earned the fabulous sum of twenty thousand dollars in a single week.

And that's not all. Mr. Wayburn has achieved other results not far short of miraculous. If any of you happen to be like Ann Constance, hearten yourselves and get under way for Ned Wayburn's studios. Ann Constance, when she first came to this school of the dance, was a fat, funny looking girl. After a few months she lost sixty-five pounds and was transformed from a dumpy, undistinguished looking female into a "Follies" beauty.

Nor do Mr. Wayburn's efforts end here. For many people New York is out of the question. And for these this man has perfected a correspondence course which gives clearly and exactly the same instructions that you receive in his studio. This costs approximately fifty dollars and can be paid for in instalments as low as five dollars a month.

The list of Wayburn's successful pupils is too long to give here. It includes dancers in nearly every musical show in New York and on the road, as well as leading men and women in many of the dramatic productions and screen successes.

It's not what you are now but what you are able to make out of yourself that counts. If you have real talent as a dancer, Albertina Rasch will give you a helping hand. You have, of course, often heard of the famous, colorful Albertina Rasch—internationally celebrated dancer and producer.

About three years ago she realized that the continued expansion of her own producing activities depended largely upon discovering new talent. Therefore Miss Rasch established her own training school in New York.

She is the creator of what is known as the American Ballet. This unusual dance combines the perfect grace and rhythm of the old-time ballet with the jazz music and freedom of movement which is so characteristic of America. In "Rio Rita", the new Ziegfeld show, Miss Rasch has a ballet of sixteen girls; in "Le Maires' Affaires" a second unit of sixteen; and in Mr. Dillingham's "Lucky" the same number. In fact, so many calls does she have that she is unable to supply the demand. For that reason she is willing to issue scholarships to talented young girls from sixteen to twenty-six years old who are willing and able to train for this ballet work—which is arduous. She needs a great many dancers for the



☞ Eve Southern, the spirituelle gesture of "The Gaucho".

forthcoming autumn productions and it will be to your advantage to get in touch with her immediately. Address Albertina Rasch, Incorporated, Steinway Building, 113 West 57th Street, New York.

It's as astounding as it is comforting to know the innumerable openings a girl can find if she really wants to make the stage or screen her life's work and if she refuses to let obstacles make her bitter, pessimistic or hard-boiled. To the wealthy and the poor alike, this country is literally the golden land. Of course, we can't all have doting parents who are able and willing to expend the hundreds necessary for the successful completion of an artistic career. But I know many girls who work in offices by day and go to school at night. And I also have a number of acquaintances who are earning their living by chorus work in the various musical shows and who study with private tutors during the mornings and off afternoons. Like those of many famous men and women, their early lives have been full of struggle but these very struggles develop their fighting propensities and help them assert themselves. Nearly every dramatic or dancing or moving picture school has a night course of some kind where the best of instruction can be received.

If a night course does not interest you, you can be prepared for the stage or the screen by Frances Robinson-Duff, the most eminent dramatic coach in America. To

Miss Robinson-Duff, even the great David Belasco bows. She was for eleven years at the Comedie Francaise in Paris but now she teaches in America permanently. Nearly every professional actor and actress in New York studies with this great woman. Leonore Ulrich, Margalo Gilmore, Clare Eames, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire—the list is inexhaustible. And they continue with her year in and year out. Personally I believe an hour with her several times a week will accomplish more than attending any dramatic school in the world. If not, why do the most celebrated professionals—actors, actresses, teachers, conductors, lecturers—who have already achieved international reputations—why do they go to her day after day, year in and year out? Her charges are most reasonable when you realize the value she gives. What does it matter if you can afford only one lesson a week? The thing is to start.

If you are worried about living conditions, and fear to try your luck in New York, I should suggest that you write the Three Arts Club. If you are engaged in any artistic endeavor you can procure room and board from this organization for as low as eleven dollars a week. Their temporary headquarters are at 325 West 101st Street. Just now they are building a larger hostel to meet the demand of the greater number of girls who come to New York each year.

The opportunities are here—yours for the taking. Single-handed you can carry your point and attain your heart's desire. As Sarah Bernhardt once said: "What does it matter where I was born? What does matter is how and where I shall die." And those are the words upon which you should build the foundation of your artistic career.

I haven't even scratched the top of the many ways which you can take to climb up the golden stairs of fame. But do not start your climb from the wrong end. Don't keep whispering to yourself: "I know I could play a screen part. How can I get the opportunity?" Then when you do get the chance you won't be prepared. You'll be like Shakespeare says in his twenty-third Sonnet: "As an unperfect actor on the stage, who with his fear is put besides his part." Rather face the truth and ask yourself: "What can I bring to the films—when I get my chance?"

Cecil De Mille once told me that whenever a young hopeful girl comes into his office and asks him to give her a chance in pictures because she just knows she can act, he picks up a violin which he keeps there for the purpose and asks her to play him an aria from "Tosca" or the "C Minor Prelude" from Chopin.

For a moment the girl looks startled and then she shakes her head and says: "I don't play the violin. I never studied it."

And just as quickly De Mille replies: "Then how do you know you can act? You've never studied the drama either."

Many of the girls who have written me are already in musical comedies or have tiny parts in dramatic plays. You seem discouraged because you are not able to bridge the gap between your small bit and a stellar role. The only advice I can give you—is more training. Frances Robinson-Duff would seem to be the answer. You don't like me to say that, I know. You would rather I would give you some magic formula. Tell you you are wonderful and that Cecil De Mille or Jesse Lasky are bound to see you or hear of your prowess. But that would be a lie. The world is so large, big producers are so rare, and embryonic actresses are so many.

When Sarah Bernhardt first appeared on the stage Francisque Sarcey, the famous

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Incidentally, by means of this system—not only are you prevented from *missing the*



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critic wrote of her: "Mlle Bernhardt . . . is a tall, pretty girl with a slender figure and a very pleasing expression, the upper part of her face is remarkably beautiful. She holds herself well, and her enunciation is perfectly clear. This is all that can be written about her at present."

Again his criticism ran: "Mlle. Bernhardt took the role of Henriette in *Les Femmes Savantes*. And she was just as pretty and insignificant as ever."

Just now the world may consider you "pretty and insignificant" but what difference does that make? The world doesn't know, can't see, that you carry around in your breast a spark that will some day ignite and set fire to the crumbling, dramatic formulas of nineteen-twenty-seven. As I told you before, in this age, in this

generation, the greatest dramatic artist that the world has ever seen will be brought forth—right here in America. The time is right. The setting is right. And the honor of being the greatest dramatic artist of the most idealistic nation in the world will fall to the American girl who makes herself ready to grasp it—worthy to receive it.

And that's all I can tell you—Gertrude Smith, Wilma Hutchison, Gertrude Kassirer—and the Hundreds of Others Who Want to Get into the Movies. But in closing there's one little wish I want to send to every one of you. Shakespeare has phrased it so much better than ever I could. So I'll just say "Your hearts' desires go with you".

Sincerely,

ROSA REILLY.

P. S. The above inspiring article by Rosa Reilly will perhaps stimulate some one to the point of wishing they had the money necessary to follow the fascinating though arduous trail of the novitiate in Art of the Drama. If you feel that you have the divine spark and if you are willing to go through the laborious months of training, SCREENLAND feels that you should have the opportunity to do so, and if you have not the money necessary and are willing to work to secure it the business department of SDREENLAND will be most happy to make an arrangement with you so that you can earn the money that you need by securing subscriptions. If you are interested write to Mr. Walter G. Springer, publisher of SCREENLAND at 49 W. 45th St., and he will help you to help yourself.

The Inside On East Side West Side—Continued from page 29

"Lay off, lay off" he coaxed them . . . but still they acted on . . . "Hey you" he shouted into the crowd, helplessly, and the Interpreter came out said something in yiddish that meant "Save it" and the women at once sat down on the curbstone and chatted gaily in their native guttral.

These extras are rather unique from several aspects . . . Mostly, when extras are engaged, they doll . . . oh my yes . . . they doll and they try as best they can to Nazimova all over the set . . . Not so with these Allen Streeters . . . There isn't a fleck of powder or rouge on them, not a dab of grease paint . . . no false whiskers . . . plenty whiskers, oh my yes, but they are the real, dyed-in-the-beard variety. Not a cent for costumes . . . Just as they are they come, the most naturally untidy group of people that ever faced a camera. And hogs for punishment. You've never seen a better behaved crowd in your life and how they love to please. You've literally got to get out and tear them apart.

By the bye Fox, in putting on this bit of Ghetto, has done one of the finest pieces of stagecraft I've ever seen. Maybe you don't know where Allen Street is . . . Maybe you're too Fifth Avenue or Park to know your lower East Side. Well, it's just below Houston and Houston is just below where the numeral streets start and where the East side pays rent for its sidewalk privileges, as well it might. It is also where the Blooeys begins . . . the streets being blooeys with population, perspiration and push carts.

The scenes I saw shot were mostly fight scenes. All over the streets under the big elevated structure, with an honest to reality elevated stairway, fire escapes, babies in baskets, apples on pushcarts, carrots leaks, pickles, doorways leading into dark passages beyond, tailor shops, fire hydrants and a litter on the streets that made you wonder whether you were on 56th Street or not.

George O'Brien is the husky hero. He is earning every cent of his pay and should at the end of this picture be able to take on Gene Tunney. He fights all the way down the street and on up the stoop into Lipvitch's emporium. I mustn't forget to tell you how Lipvitch got the job.

Virginia Valli in a plain gingham whatever-it-is follows the crowd and the fight. You have a funny feeling in watching a shot like this. You may stand on the edge of the crowd just out of the picture and run along with it and still be out of it. You may stand right beside Valli and O'Brien and hear them talking to each other and still be safely outside the eye of the camera. Up comes a big cop and the crowd breaks into a cheer, a good old New York

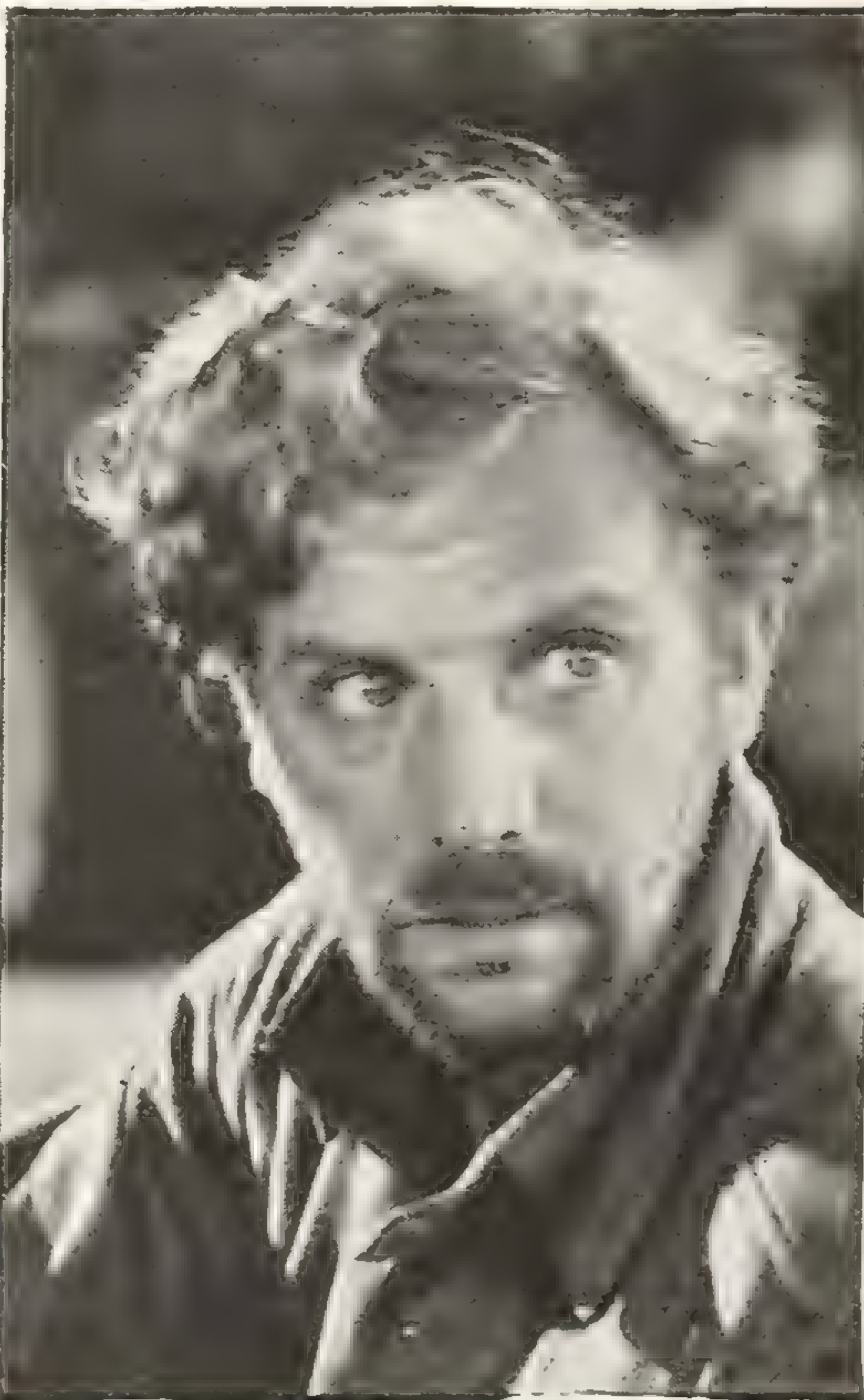
University cheer.

It's funny also about cops on the set . . . You never know which is the real from the actor cop . . . until you do what you shouldn't.

Oh yes, about the Jewish tailor playing Lipvitch. It seems that Fox sent someone down into the Ghetto to pick a tailor for the part. The Jewish race has always been praised for its shrewd, business ability . . . but not enough.

The lower East side with all its commercial instinct heard about the agent coming before he started and he couldn't get a tailor to act Lipvitch for less than six hundred for the job. But as the Jewish people are just a little bit quicker on the commercial trigger than anybody else except a New England farmer or a Scotchman, so too is one Jew apt to be a little bit quicker than the others.

And so it was that one tailer bid in the job at what may be said to be a cut throat price and got the job . . . Now he is earning a salary as an actor and pressing suits for a new line of customers on Tenth Avenue . . . one foot in Allen Street



"Now who do you think?
No! It's Lars Hanson in
"The Wind".

as a business man and the other on Tenth Avenue as an artist.

Speaking of commercialism, I stood talking to J. Farrell McDonald on the stairway of the artificial Elevated Structure in front of Lipvitch's.

We were talking of nationalities.

"What's yours?" I asked him.

"Irish and Scotch," said he.

"They're both good," said I thinking for the moment of something to drink.

"Yes," said he, "I'm Irish enough to be foolish with my money and Scotch enough not to make a fool of myself with it."

Then he went on with a twinkle in his eye (the Irish one) and said: "There aren't any Jews in Scotland . . . they'd starve."

They pulled another fight the day I was there, which was interesting from several angles.

I saw perspiration applied to an actor's face.

My experience with perspiration has always been that it is earned only by hard work.

In the Movies you may reverse the order.

Just before the fight, Dwan was sitting on a little truck with four pneumatic tires under it. Two cameras stood up on the truck just over his head and two giant lights back of them on little platforms right and left attached to cables that supplied them juice. Everything was set and ready to shoot. The crowd was all rehearsed and eager to spring into action.

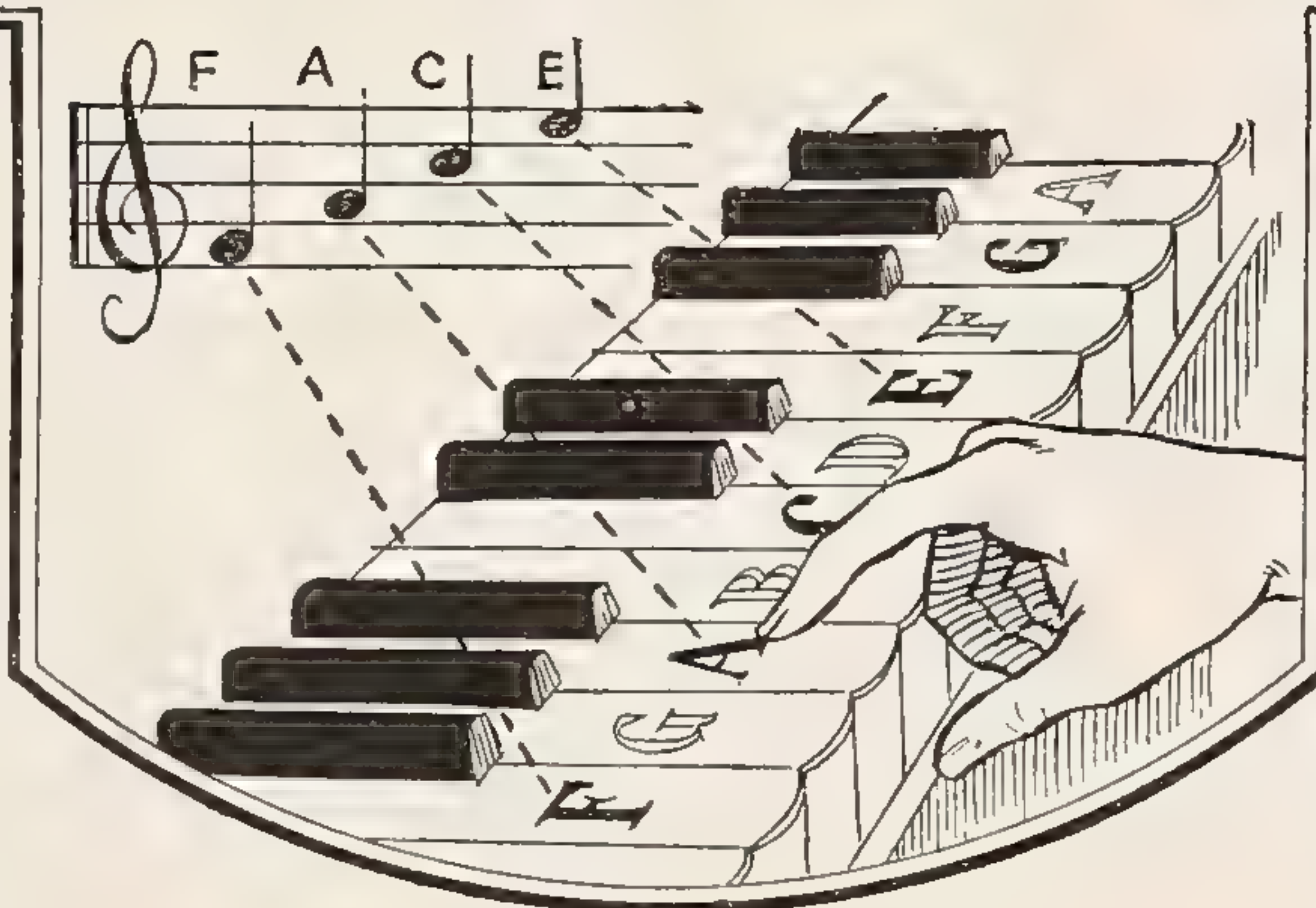
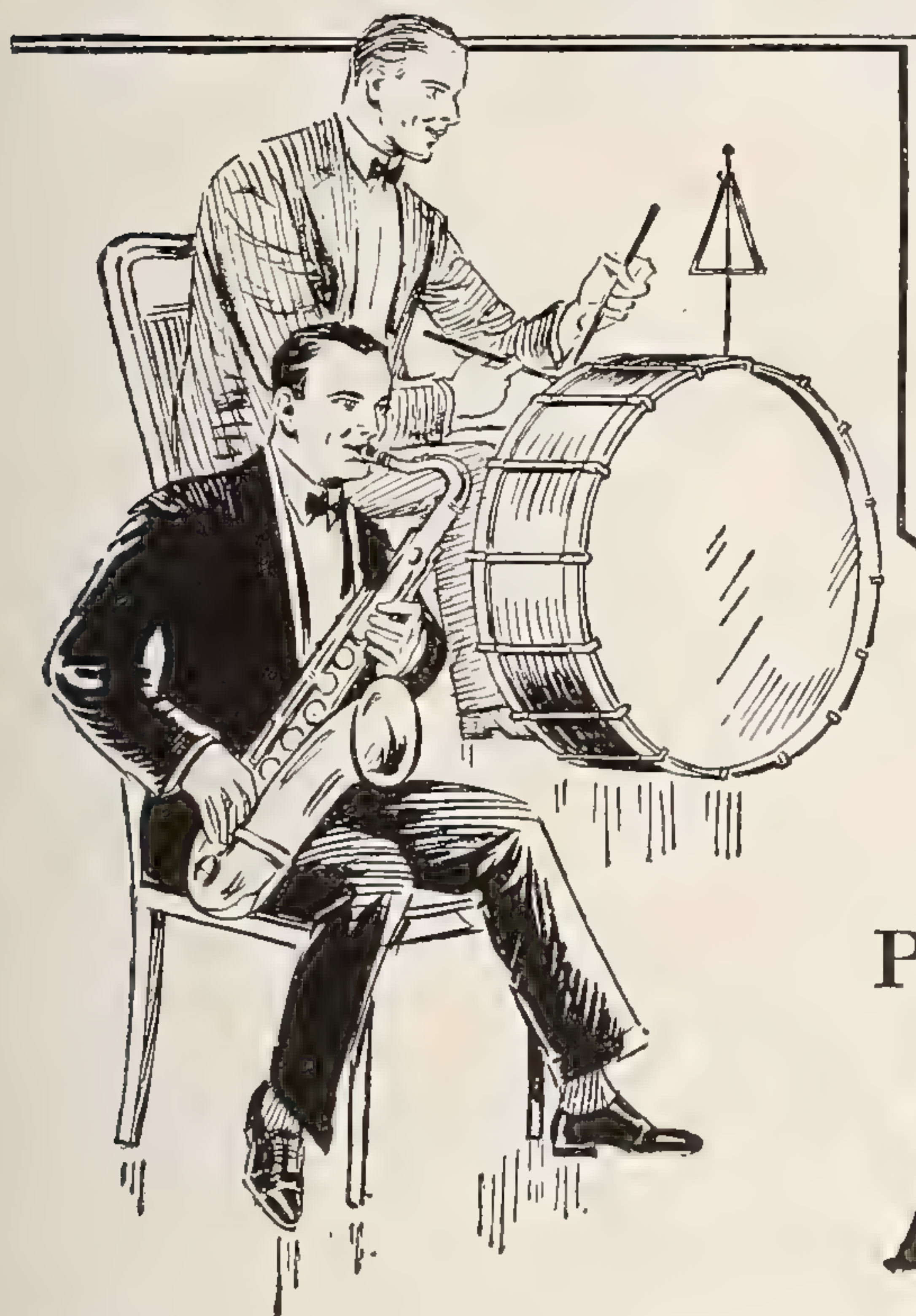
"Before we start," said Dwan, "somebody put some water on him."

And then I saw an assistant director signal a man who approached with a bucket of water and a small moth eaten whisk broom. The assistant director took the broom in his right hand and dipped it into the bucket. Then he held his left hand in front of O'Brien and hit it with the wet whisk broom spattering O'Brien's face. The result was a series of little round drops of water where they refused to mingle with the grease paint. This was sweating under the least possible exertion. The exertion came immediately after, when O'Brien got into action with young Wolheim and Johnny Dooley.

The fight was on, Jimmy Dooley butting in until Virginia Valli hit him on the soft part of his head with a brick. Then the little truck backed away pulled by two men the lights began to edge down the street pulled by a gang of men and I had to break for shelter, into the shop of a very nifty outfitter to women whose shop windows were filled with wedding garments such as Eastsiders wear when they stand up at the

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altar and peer into the unknown future for better or worse.

Again and again the shot was taken. During the confusion of the mob which ran out and mixed with the fighters someone kicked Miss Valli. She laughed. People in the Movies get fun from the least expected sources. I've never before seen anyone laugh when kicked.

Dwan left his seat and came forward.

"Someone kicked me," said Miss Valli, "it's the funniest feeling." Dwan bent over and took off one of her slippers and rubbed her foot. Then he took the foot and bent it backward and forward. It might have been a rubber foot . . . Miss Valli winced, pulled her foot away and said it was all right.

"All set," said Dwan.

The long slim hook-nosed Allen-streeter yelled something through his megaphone and the crowd went wild with excited action . . .

"Hold it. Hold it. Save it. Lay off . . . Wait a minute," yelled the assistant director and the man with the bucket and the whisk broom came out and the O'Brien perspiration was renewed . . . Then the merry festivities were under way again . . . and



◀ Lewis Stone consoles one of the "Lonesome Ladies". This one is Jane Winton.

would have run on indefinitely if Dwan hadn't suddenly disappeared at five o'clock.

Then began the real labor of the day.

Up till then all had been play. There is a lot of fun to be had out of the making of a motion picture. The directors like to tell you that it's all hard work. Well, maybe it is but it seems to me as if everybody was having a good time.

And now the day was over. The Allen Streeters were herded together. The assistant director jumped up on a chair and weeded out those he wanted tomorrow, paid them off and sent them on home. I saw one woman get a dollar and a half.

"That's not her salary?" I asked incredulous.

"No, no," I was informed, "That's for her pickles I guess."

These Yiddish extras then picked up their babies and other accessories and filed silently out into the street. Unlike the professional extras they didn't call taxis. Not a bit of it. They walked the three or four miles that lay between their "studio" and their homes. But it seemed a shame they couldn't have slept on the set for it was so like home they would never have known the difference.

Gary Cooper—Continued from page 24

him more important things than all these. He taught him traits and habits for all the world to see and know and admire. With text-books of mountains and stars, plains and rocky-bedded streams, his Indian mentor implanted in the lad the Indian reserve, the redman's dignity and poise. He made him honest, honest as the faithful pony he rode.

Mike Belgarde didn't know he was training the white boy for motion picture stardom.

The lad was Gary Cooper, son of Montana's broad landscapes, Paramount's newest star, one of the greatest potentialities in the industry.

Little more than a year ago an extra, one of Hollywood's humble. Today a star in his own right and in training—literally—for one of the "fattest" roles in pictures—the lead in "Beau Sabreur", the sequel to Paramount's smashing roadshow success, "Beau Geste". That's Gary Cooper, the star that extras mention most often these days, with a pessimistic shake of the head at their own fate, and a muttered "What a break! What a break!"

But they're wrong. It wasn't a break that pushed Gary Cooper up and up—suddenly, swiftly,—to stardom. It never is. In his physical characteristics, an intangible, an indefinable something called sometimes personality, sometimes magnetism. In toto, it can't be defined, this commodity that is Gary Cooper. It can be analyzed, partially.

"Well, I guess Mike Belgarde is responsible a lot for the way I think and act," Gary will admit.

"Every interviewer I've talked to in the last few months always has written about how silent I am," he told me. "They talk about 'his reserve' and 'his poise' and call me a 'son of the ranch.' I'll bet you will too."

I started, because I had already visualized these lines in this story. I couldn't help it. They're part of Gary, and they're part of his story. I asked him more about Mike.

"I guess the writers were right, at that," he said. "I did learn silence from Mike Belgarde. When he and his kid and I would go hunting sometimes we'd ride for hours without saying a word. We didn't need to. There's something about Indians and being with them outdoors for a long

time that makes you able to communicate without talking. Mike would look over a hillside with a quick glance. My eyes would follow his. We'd see a coyote there, maybe two of them. And we'd ride on, without a word. But both of us knew, and knew the other knew, that in the spring we'd go back there and dig out the coyote pups. Yes, Mike taught me lots."

I dragged information out of Gary as we sat in the gymnasium on the Lasky lot in Hollywood. I had interrupted a sword fight to talk to him. He took off one of those fencing helmets that look like bird cages, laid down a heavy, two-edged sword and sat down to talk to me. The instructor seemed grateful for the rest.

"Beau Sabreur", he explained. "I have a couple of duels in the picture, and I'm learning how to use a sword. The cowboys on Dad's ranch never used weapons like this."

"You see, except for 'Children of Divorce,' I've played cowboys in every picture I've been in, and I never have had a chance to learn fencing before."

It will be—this "Beau Sabreur" picture—the biggest thing he has done, and that's why he is taking his lessons so seriously.

"I can't just learn how to fence," he said, "I've got to be good, darn good. I hate to be just fair in anything." And, determinedly, "I'm going to be a good fencer before that picture starts, I won't feel like drawing my salary if I'm not."

Honest. Unless he's good, he wouldn't feel like taking Jesse L. Lasky's money. I believe he meant it, too. That's the way he impressed me. My impression is borne out by the facts in his career, one of the most sensational that Hollywood has ever discussed.

He had been a private in Hollywood's extra army for over a year when he got his first part. He had the leading role, but it lasted just one week. Needless to say, it was a Poverty Row "two-reeler." When the part was finished, he sank right back into extra ranks.

"Every time I'd hear about a part coming up I'd go after it," he told me, "the casting director would say, 'Have you had any experience?' And that would finish me.

They would tell me that I looked all right for the part but they needed someone with experience. So, you see, I just couldn't get started."

"But didn't it ever occur to you to tell them that you had played a big part somewhere, say in New York?" I suggested.

"Well, yes, it did," Cooper replied. "But I heard all these other extra people lying about their experience and telling what big parts they had played and how they would have stolen the picture if their role hadn't been all cut out, and I just didn't see any sense in lying about it. I couldn't see where it got them."

Cooper's start—his "lucky break," as the extras put it—was in "The Winning of Barbara Worth". He knew Samuel Goldwyn's casting director, Robert McIntyre. Knew him from calling on him many times when he had previously been at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"I walked in on him one day and he remembered me and put me up for the part of Abe Lee in 'Barbara Worth,'" Cooper relates. "The director asked me, as usual, what experience, and for once I was able to tell him: 'Well, I played a lead in an independent two-reeler.' He smiled, but I got the part."

The rest any good motion picture fan knows. Cooper "stole" his way into almost equal honors with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, received offers from three or four producing companies and accepted the one from Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation.

It was the most extraordinary agreement ever made between star and producer.

Cooper took a "cameraless screen test."

Once a week at the Paramount studio, the executives gather for the "Friday conference," when all important production matters are discussed and decided. Cooper, summoned last August to the office of B. P. Schulberg, associate producer, opened a door and walked in—to the Friday conference.

He faced a big roomful of men. He was introduced to each and every one. He smiled at each. He sat down and wondered what to do next. He answered a few questions. He got up and went out.

He was called back the same afternoon,



Miss Anderson's statement:

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair-dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction, that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) MISS EVELYN ANDERSON.



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I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.
(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

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You can have the most gloriously waved hair you have ever had—a coiffure of smooth, loose,

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and signed a long-term contract. The executives had seen his work in "Barbara Worth", and had given him the extraordinary test as the final examination. He had passed.

He was cast at once in "Children of Divorce". Executives thought him so good that he was elevated to stardom at once in a new series of Westerns. To date, he's played in "Arizona Bound", "The Last Outlaw" and a Zane Gray story, "Nevada".

And that's not all. B. P. Schulberg, associate producer at Paramount and the man who rules the destinies of the stars, thinks he has done so well in these Westerns that he will be of more value to the company in straight dramatic parts. So "Nevada" is to be his last Western. Next comes "Beau Sabreur" and then other dramatic roles. He's bound for the top.

When he looks back at his days on the ranch and the trips with Mike, the Indian, maybe Cooper gives the old half-breed too much credit. After all, teaching Gary Cooper reserve was merely developing innate qualities.

For, believe it or not, this boy who looks as American as the covered wagon, is English, once removed. His father was born there. So was his mother. Gary went to school in England for three years. No wonder he has reserve, and speaks when spoken to.

I hurry to say that Gary was born in Helena, Montana. Don't mistake me. Gary is American. He lived in Helena until he was nine years old. Then he was sent with his brother, Arthur, who is six years older and is now a banker in Helena, to an exclusive private school in Dunstable, Bedfordshire, England. Three years of homesickness, Gary remembers it now. Three years in which he felt like a little alien and held his tongue with tight lips. Three years in which tutors filled him with Latin and English history, and military instructors demanded he keep his boyish figure—rangy even then—as straight as a ramrod. He came back to Helena to go to high

school, he and his brother, but he didn't last long. At 13 an automobile accident injured him seriously, and his father sent him to his ranch about seventy-five miles from Helena.

He lived there two years. He went there a sickly English public school boy, with an Eton jacket. Two years later he was a husky, deep-lunged, strong-armed cowboy with leather chaps. The cowboys on Judge Cooper's ranch—his father is Charles H. Cooper, Judge of the Supreme Court of Montana—had taught him to ride and shoot, and the old Indian had taught him more fundamental things.

He went to Iowa State College at Grinnell, to continue his schooling and came back to Helena in 1919, ready to start earning his own living, believing that a career of sketching lay ahead of him. His first job was as a cartoonist on a Helena newspaper. He came to Hollywood on Thanksgiving Day, 1924, with a sketchbook under his arm. Three months later he was an admitted failure.

His honesty made him fail.

That's the truth—he was too honest to get ahead.

He went to an advertising agency and asked for an illustrating job. He admitted he was only fair at drawing. So they let him sell advertising space. Next he sold scenic equipment to theaters and motion picture studios.

"I wasn't a very good salesman," he said.

There was nothing left but extra work. He couldn't get a job anywhere else. That's how he happened to enter pictures. He's honest about that, too. He doesn't say he felt the urge of his dramatic art surging in his veins—he simply says he needed a job.

This tall, rugged, rangy lad—he's six feet two and the tallest star on the screen—has a simple philosophy, although he defines it only in action.

It's the same as Mike Belgarde's, though his was undefined too.

Gary Cooper is a walking example, that, in pictures, "character shows on the screen."

Do Movie Gentlemen Prefer?

(Continued from page 50)

tale of a harrowed man who was forced to choose between the two types. And so it proved. One of the titles in the early part of the picture said, "After being married for six weeks to a brunette, Robert wondered why gentlemen preferred either." But in the end Robert proved conclusively that his preference was for blondes. Score number two! and his telegram from Hollywood later proved that this preference is his in real life, also.

Francis X. Bushman, one of the most delectable actors of our acquaintance, invited us to dine with him. Always ready to combine pleasure with business, we opened the subject nearest to our heart almost as soon as we were seated at the table. "You do prefer blondes, don't you?" we asked, persuasively. He gazed at us pleasantly and answered, "Of course; how can you ask?"

"I wonder myself. But since I have asked you must give a true answer, not a polite one. This is for publication and anything you say will be used against you. Now!"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, blondes never attract me." (Oh woe is me.) "When I look at a beautiful blonde I always find myself wishing that she was a brunette. Brown eyes invariably make my heart beat faster. To me the brunette is the substance, the blonde the shadow; the brunette is warm like the sun, the blonde is pale and cold



☞ Dorothy Mackaill will next be seen in "Smile, Brother, Smile".

Do I Look Like the Girl They Used to Call "Tired Tessie"?



I AM having the time of my life. I jump out of bed in the morning thoroughly rested, refreshed, strengthened, ready for whatever activities may be before me. I am on the go constantly, from eight in the morning, frequently until long past midnight. I work hard, and I play hard.

Yet I never feel tired, am never weary, never have headaches, and never suffer the petty illnesses most women think are their lot. I don't gain weight or lose weight but retain the healthy proportions of my figure. I walk with the step of youth, I talk with the enthusiasm of a healthy mind and a healthy body, and there isn't a wrinkle, blackhead or pimple on my skin.

I am not saying this as a matter of self-praise. It is really only half the story I want to tell you. Not so many months ago I used to drag myself wearily to bed at nine o'clock, completely worn out; I was tired, worn-out, *old*. I suffered from a hundred little aches and pains which made my life miserable. I was cross, cranky, irritable. I got to be known as "Tired Tessie" because I was always too tired to enjoy dancing, or the theatre, or sports of any kind. Even reading a book tired me! At the end of each day I was limp as a rag.

I took tonics and pills recommended by well-meaning friends until I felt like a walking drugstore. The doctors advised rest, a sea voyage. They could find nothing organically wrong with me, and felt that rest alone would correct whatever

trouble there was. Yet rest seemed to do me no good. You can imagine how discouraged I was.

When one feels as I did, almost anything that promises relief is welcome. And when, one day I read the story of Annette Kellermann's life I made up my mind that if she could become such a marvelous example of health and energy after such a discouraging start in life, at least I could regain my health by following her methods.

I read that Annette Kellermann was practically a cripple when she was a little girl; that she had worn iron braces on her feet because her bones were so soft that she had become bow-legged, that she gave less promise of becoming the world's most beautifully-formed woman and a most striking example of superb health, than almost anyone you could imagine.

Yet that is exactly what she accomplished. Surely, I felt, I had nothing to lose by writing to her. In

reply she sent me her book, "The Body Beautiful" and agreed to let me try her methods for 10 days without the slightest risk on my part. I described to her exactly how I felt, and she then sent me her instructions. In 10 days I began to feel like a changed woman, and in a few months I could look back and laugh at my old self.

I wouldn't have believed that such a change could be made in old, "Tired Tessie." Yet here I am today enjoying life to the utmost, actually getting stronger all the time, and as my friends say, "Younger and more beautiful." I wish I could shout my story from the housetops. I wish that every woman who is suffering from weakness or illness or who is losing the figure of her youth, would write to Miss Kellermann for her book, "The Body Beautiful." It tells how in only fifteen minutes a day anyone can obtain a greatly improved figure and rid herself of the pains, aches and ills which now cause her so much unhappiness. Over 40,000 other women have already adopted Miss Kellermann's methods, and I am sure there could be no greater evidence of their effectiveness. The only warning I can give is "Do not put it off, but write at once for Miss Kellermann's book." It is sent to you free. It may mean as much to you as it has to me. Just address Annette Kellermann, Suite 248, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann
Suite 248, 225 West 39th Street, N. Y. City

Dear Miss Kellermann: Kindly send me entirely without cost or obligation, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in

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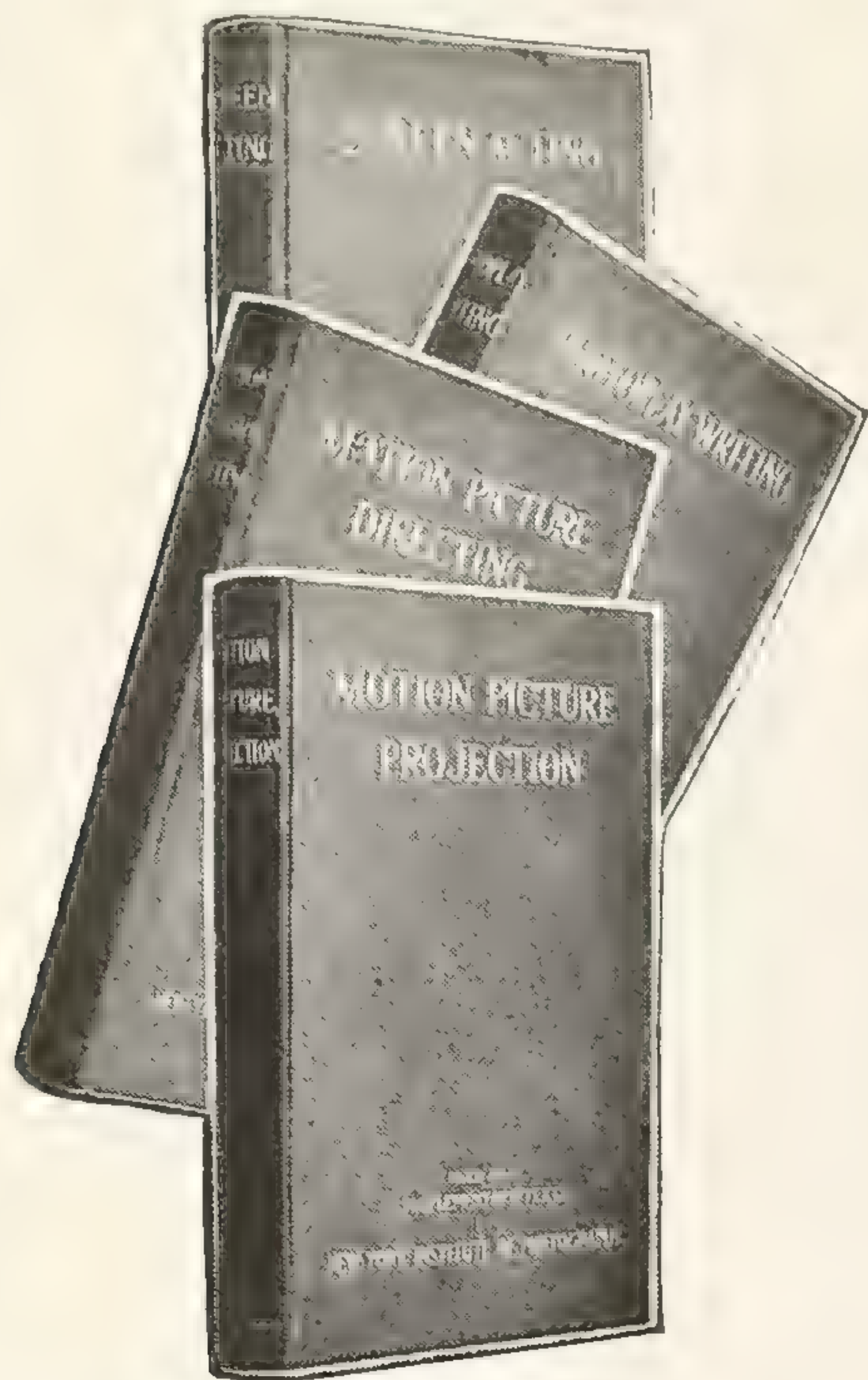
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SCREENLAND (Book Dept.)

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like the cloud; of course this is merely theoretical for my experience has been disappointing. I have found the brunettes cold and selfish and the blondes warm and sweet. The perfect combination, of course, would be a brunette face and a blonde temperament."

We are ready to admit right now that when we asked the question of Conrad Veidt, the fascinating German star who arrived in this country, it made a lot of difference to us what he answered. We wanted him to answer, "I adore tall blondes" or its equivalent in French, for Mr. Veidt did not at that time speak any English. He seemed to read our mind for he replied, "Mais oui. J'adore les blondes de haute taille." Fine—the blondes with tall figures was the perfect description! We smiled our satisfaction, forgetting that pride rideth for a cropper. Herr Veidt continued, "Et les brunettes, aussi, mais les petites brunettes!" And the brunettes also, but small brunettes! How broadminded and hateful men can be. Always saying something when you want them to say something else! Mr. Veidt was en route for Hollywood, too, where they have at least one perfect specimen of each type. We are thinking of Greta Garbo—the tall, willowy blonde supreme, and Lya de Putti, the small, chic brunette.

When Jack Gilbert was here we hadn't thought of starting this discussion and so didn't bother to ask him which color he preferred. But it wasn't necessary. We know! But we remember, also, that he told us years ago, he thought Leatrice Joy was the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world. Leatrice Joy is dark, petite and piquant. What his preference now is remains a mystery.

A hair perhaps divides the false and true.

Our self-imposed task would have been easier if we had had such general information on the rest of the stars. But so many of them are on the coast. Billie Haines we know so well that we could easily have wired him collect if we had so desired or called him up on the telephone and reversed the charges. But if Mr. Haines had sent a night letter in answer saying, "I prefer blondes stop", what would that prove? Nothing. By the time the wire reached us, there was every chance in the world that he would have switched to a brunette. The young and fluctuating Haines was, not long ago, an heir apparent in good standing for the hand of Pola Negri. When he was in New York for the premier of "Tell It to the Marines" he declared that he had always preferred blondes. Gentlemen forget!

We did send a "blanket" telegram to the head of the Paramount studio saying, "Find out what color women your stars prefer". But we didn't wait for the answers to arrive. We just went scouting, for news.

George O'Brien thought Greta Nissen was the prettiest blonde on the screen until he saw her in a dark wig in "Blind Alleys". Then he decided that she was the prettiest brunette and liked her better that way.

Greta Nissen plays the blonde in "Blonde or Brunette" and it seems that she can fill the bill either way.

Richard Dix was frankly bewildered when we asked him. "Oh, must a gentleman prefer just one?" he asked. "Why there are so many beautiful girls of all colors. If there were only two a man could tell but there are the red-heads—and by the way have you noticed how many red headed women you see these days? Then there are the real, heaven-sent blondes and the yellowed ones." (Mr. Dix is extremely observing, we should say.) "To say nothing of the black haired ones and the mediums.

Sometimes I think they are the best of the lot. A man doesn't tire of them."

"Do you hear that?" we asked, turning to Lois Wilson. "You are a medium, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I've always been glad I am! My eyes are brown and my hair is fair. When they desire a brunette, they say, 'Lois has dark eyes—she's a brunette.' And when they want a blonde they say, 'Lois has fair hair.' So you see I qualify one way or another."

"In vulgar parlance, you get them coming or going."

"Which do you prefer, Walter?" we asked of young Mr. Goss as we sat across the table from him, eating oysters Casino.

"I think I prefer them raw," he replied seriously.

"What!" we said in amazement. "You like raw young ladies?"

"Oh, I thought you were talking about oysters. You were, just a moment ago. But I know now. You mean do I prefer blondes or brunettes. Well, I may as well confess that I draw no color line. In the championship bout I take on all comers."

"I see," we replied—and we did, too.

Chester Conklin's wife is pretty and very dark. She was standing beside him when we asked him the question; so the truth of his answer cannot be vouched for. "Why," he said boldly, with his funny little eyes twinkling, "Of course I love those blon—" and then he discovered his wife, and stopped. "Those small brunettes," he finished. Mr. and Mrs. Conklin both think it is a great joke because he pretends to be afraid of her.

Even though Ivan Moskine or Michael Strogoff, as everyone calls him, did not speak nor understand English, we employed his interpreter to find out his taste in women. "Ask Mr. Moskine whether he prefers blondes or brunettes," we said. The two men talked in Russian for some time, excitedly, and then the interpreter explained. "Mr. Moskine does not care what color a lady is so long as she does not love him."



Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

Lawrence Grey—you remember him in "The Telephone Girl"—will have a real break in "After Midnight" starring Norma Shearer.

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Why Most Men Fail in Life

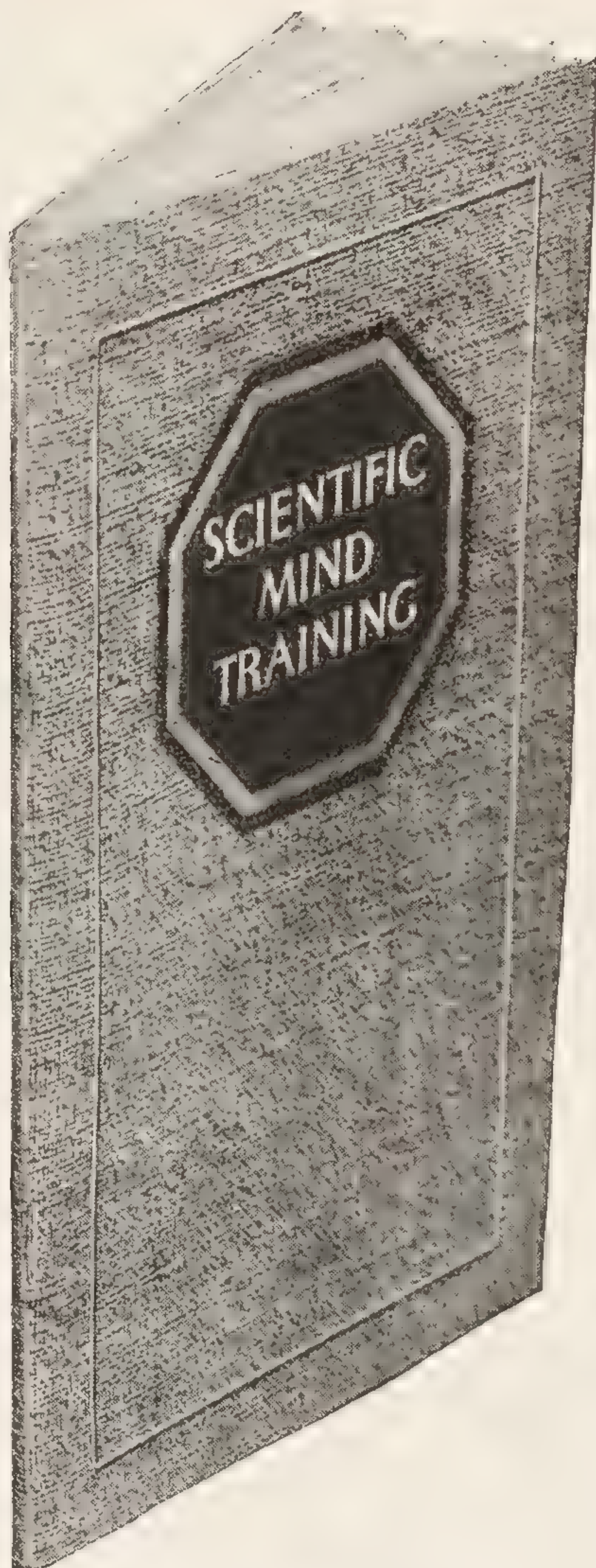
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faculty. As a result, he is putty in the hands of clear-thinking people who *do* know what they want.

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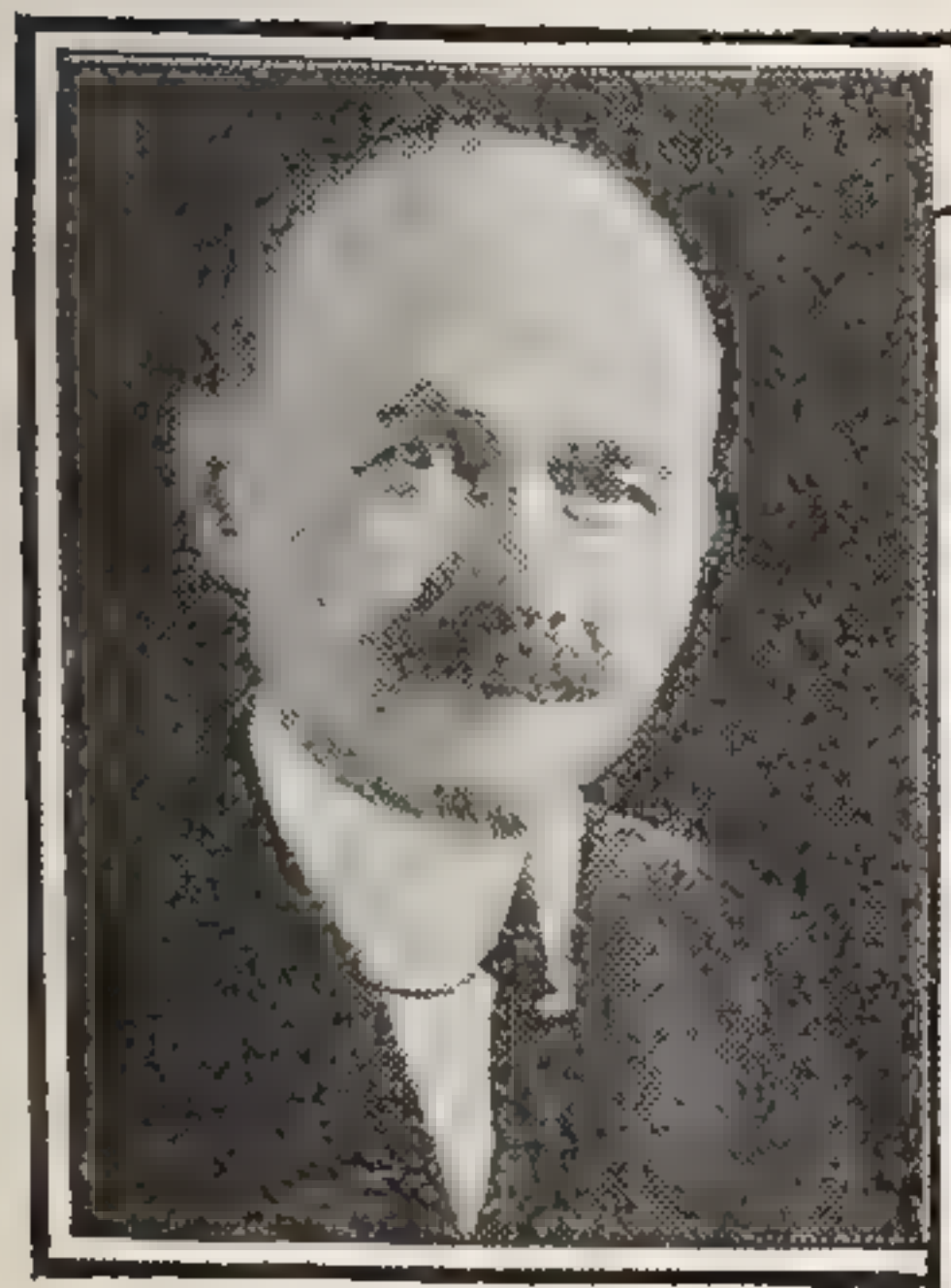
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The title of Miss Marion's book scarcely portrays its excellent qualities.

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We have heard that the Russians love to be unhappy, and this looks like it. Fancy a man who desires to live always with unrequited love in his bosom!

And here the answers to our wired inquiries are beginning to arrive. Ben Lyon's letter says, succinctly, "I adore blonde hair, and even though it be short, long may it wave." Brevity is the soul of wit.

Ricardo Cortez's wire reads: "Do gentlemen prefer blondes? Well, my preference is proven by fact I chose Alma Rubens who is decidedly not a blonde stop. I like my brunettes dark and the darker the better stop. Lorelie would never tempt me on the rocks stop."

William Powell says: "My preference depends entirely upon my mood stop. When I am in a gay irresponsible mood a blonde is the only type that appeals to me stop. When however I feel thoughtful a bit sentimental or sad a brown eyed black haired maid seems to fit the situation better stop."

James Hall declares: "I preferred blondes

decidedly during my career in New York but had a change of heart when I arrived in Hollywood where there are so many blondes small large peroxide and hennaed stop. Now and then of course one finds an honest to goodness straight from God golden crop stop. Now however I prefer brunettes and red heads because of their great scarcity if nothing else stop."

Arch Reeve who takes charge of such matters in the west coast Paramount studio sent the following about Adolphe Menjou. You remember in "Blonde or Brunette" he preferred the blonde. Now read what Mr. Reeve says about him.

"Adolphe Menjou prefers blondes and is therefore a gentleman stop. He cannot give a definite reason why he prefers blondes except that perhaps they come nearer a childhood dream he used to have about the kind of a girl he would have when he grew up stop. This dream girl was always a golden blonde with blue eyes."

And now, Do Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?

Off Screen Charm—Continued from page 19

Blanche Sweet was one of the first girls of the films whose personal charm got over on the screen. Young, blonde and beautiful, seven or eight years ago she was one of the greatest of our film favorites. Then suddenly she began to fade and everybody predicted, and deeply regretted, her imminent artistic finish. At that time she looked every day of thirty-five. Then she married Micky Neilan and a psychic miracle happened. Blanche not only began to laugh at the almanac,—she pushed it backward! In two years she was only twenty-eight! Two years later she was only twenty-two!! And now,—well, I saw her splashing in the surf at the Beach Club last Sunday, and I swear that by all reasonable reckoning Blanche Sweet is now eighteen years old!!! With a figure like a young boy, skin tanned a warm olive, eyes blue and bright and blonde hair blowing in one of these letting-it-grow bobs, she radiated a joyous and youthful charm that made some of the young, blaze flappers look like little old women. If Blanche continues to push back the hands of Time they'll soon be signing her up for Our Gang.

Judging by Ramon Novarro's fan mail, his charm also gets over on the screen, and no wonder, for he is one of the most fascinating boys I have ever met. Joyous, romantic and extremely religious his intelligence has saved him from the vanities of success. Ramon is Mexican, and proud of it. He makes no grandiose claims to highfalutin Spanish blood, though his aristocracy shines forth quite transparently. They tell me his salary supports a large family of younger brothers and sisters, that he contributes generously to the church, and that two of his sisters are nuns. Nor has Ramon any silly notions regarding his 'fame.' In fact his ambition is to go minstreling through the world as a singer, and in preparation for that romantic adventure he has an accompanist continually in his employ. He goes out little; he reads and sings, and sings and reads, and when he is working at the studio he turns in at ten. His one allure-ment is the hospitality of the Lubitsches whose big and beautiful garden, with its swimming pool, gay parasols and cushions, is the social meeting place of the motion picture intelligencia.

Poor little Mabel! that is the almost universal phrase applied to the star who is without doubt the most popular girl in movieland—Mabel Normand. From the first days with the old Biograph when the bright-

eyed girl came into motion pictures she was loved by everybody from the producers down to the last stage hand, every one of whom would have torn their shirts for Mabel. And why? Because Mabel would have done the same for them. Warm hearted and impulsive, she has kept herself poor by her extraordinary generosity. If anybody on the lot was hurt or in trouble, Mabel was the first to start the subscription. Then why the "Poor little Mabel"? Because she has had the cruelest and most undeserved publicity breaks in all Movieland, and the screen has all but lost one of its few great women comediennees. Perhaps now that she has secured the protection of marriage producers will see their way again to give to the world the Peter Pannish charm of this lovable girl. She and Lew sat in front of us at our little Beverly Hills theatre the other night. They seemed very happy.

Even yet I'm unable to define that elusive thing called charm. Maybe it's just IT—not Elinor's definition of IT, but something gentler and sweeter.



Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

☞ Dorothy Farnum, the brilliant young scenarist, whose last contribution was "The Temptress", is now working on the script of "Jenny Lind".



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The Practical Jokers of Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

Miller, Charlie Ray and his wife, Johnny Hines and May McAvoy, Betty Blythe, Warner Baxter, Winifred Bryson, Colleen Moore, Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, and just scores of others.

Johnny Hines played a funny joke on the party. Everybody went swimming early in the afternoon, and then supper was served. After supper somebody began to sing, and then the Duncans did their funny Florodora number. People shrieked with laughter, and when the fun was at its height, Johnny went out somewhere and telephoned in.

Vivian answered the telephone, and came back with an awed look on her face.

"Sh!" she whispered to us, "I just had a telephone message from a man next door who says that his wife has just given birth to a baby, and would we please make a little less noise!"

The message, embarrassing as it was, had to be spread a bit quietly, and then, when everybody was just about at zero, Johnny came back and had the laugh on us.

"Jack MacDermott has built a house all with his own hands!" cried Patsy enthusiastically, "and we are invited to a party there!"

"Well, I just hope there's no earthquake!" I exclaimed. "I should imagine that as a housebuilder Jack would be a good actor, director and scenario writer."

But I was wrong. The house is an odd one—a sort of Algerian house. But the oddest part about it is that it was built from different bits of lumber, plaster and properties which Jack bought from the studios, well built and picturesque.

To get there, you have to walk a mile over the hills, as the road to it is not yet finished, and however Jack got the stuff there to build it with I don't know. Patsy and I had worn our evening slippers and went over with John Miljan.

It was a glorious moonlit night, so we didn't mind the walk.

"Especially," said Patsy, "when you had a good looking man like John to take hold of your hand and lead you over the bad places in the path."

We could see the house, all lighted up, a long time before we arrived there. It looked like a house from the Arabian Nights, as we glanced across to it, with its white Moorish walls and its electric lights.

When we arrived at the garden wall, we

were met by two Arabians, who insisted on our putting on burnouses, and it was well that we did so, because, leaving the Arabs in their cave, we descended into a labyrinth of underground passages. Oh, yes, I forgot. The Arabs had given John a lantern, and by its means we groped our way this way and that for fully twenty minutes before we came up through a trap door into a warm, beautiful, softly lighted room with a wide fire place on which a fire was burning—a room furnished with soft couches, cushions and rugs, and looking out at the hillside through latticed Oriental windows.

It was all perfectly delightful. About the first person we saw that we knew was Carter de Haven, who told us that supper was being served in the patio beyond.

Down there we found a huge fire blazing on the brick floor, and over it Jack's man servant was roasting elk-meat on sticks.

Presently an Arab waiter entered, and handed us the food.

It turned out to be delicious, eaten with French bread.

"What good food!" cried Patsy, who was hungry from her long walk.

"Sure it is good food!" answered the Arab waiter.

Patsy stared at him in surprise.

"I wonder if it is real elk meat!" I said.

"Sure it's real elk-meat," answered the fresh waiter.

Then we took a good look at the waiter. He grinned, and we recognized—Syd Chaplin! Syd had put on the Arab scenery and a lot of bolamina, and was playing waiter. Presently he took off the funny burnouse and joined us at supper.

Victor Fleming was there, and Kathleen Key, and a number of other celebrities. Victor went out a moment, and when he came back he had a live duck under his arm!

"I found it out in the pond all alone," declared Victor. "So I brought it in to give it a drink of water!"

Louise Fazenda came late—said she had been detained by work at the studio.

"You see," she explained, "I have a pair of funny shoes I am using in my picture. Somebody got the bright idea that it would be funny to put sails on them and set them afloat on a little pond at the studio. I had no duplicates of the shoes, so I had to wait until they were fished out, dried,



He who talks loudest and longest wins. William Boyd, Mary Astor and Louis Wolheim in "Two Arabian Knights".

and shaped to my feet again."

That reminded Syd Chaplin of a joke his brother, Charlie Chaplin, played on Syd Grauman. Syd Grauman and Charlie are always playing jokes on each other.

"One night down at the Million Dollar Theatre, Syd Grauman had stored a property mummy-case—back of the scenes for some reason or other. I think they were going to use it for an Egyptian Mummy scene or something. Anyhow Syd and his men went to look for it to transport it to the stage.

"He opened it—and there lay my brother Charlie, pale as death with make-up! It gave Syd such a turn that somebody had to bring him a drink of whiskey, and it was an hour before he could bear to touch it."

One of the very nicest Cat Parties of the season was that which Frances Marion gave the girls in her wonderful hill-top home in Beverly Hills, the other afternoon and evening.

The house is pure Italian, from its wide glassed grille door to its exquisite gardens; and no view in the world could be lovelier than the one you catch from the high arched windows which look off over Los Angeles and the distant sea, with the liveliest sloping green lawn in the world in the foreground.

Down in the projection room, every beauty of filmland, I think, was gathered at supper later on. There were Mabel Normand, Florence Vidor, Colleen Moore, Claire Windsor, Zasu Pitts—everybody is calling Zasu a beauty these days—Lillian Gish, Gertrude Olmsted, Theda Bara, Norma Shearer, Helen Ferguson, Mildred Davis, Kathleen Clifford, Lilyan Tashman, Lottie Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Bessie Love, Janet Gaynor, Carmel Myers, Julianne Johnston, Mary Astor, Hedda Hopper, Gloria Hope, May McAvoy, and those two marvelous comics, Polly Moran and Marie Dressler.

Polly told about when she knew Gloria Swanson at the beginning of her career, and how Polly hauled Gloria around Hollywood looking for a house that wouldn't cost her much.

"My car was one of those old ones that you burned wood in!" declared Polly.

Some New Screenplays

(Continued from page 49)

so vehemently to playing vampire roles all the while. For in her portrayal she gives a more sincere performance than any she has enacted in America.

Joseph Schildkraut is the wild sophisticate from Budapest who breaks Lya's heart and destroys her belief in human nature. He has a theory—three rules by which all women can be conquered. First there is a type of femininity, Joseph has experienced, that falls for any man sufficiently subtle to whisper in her ear: "Beautiful! How beautiful you look to-night." Second, there is that strong-minded sort of woman who is subdued only by sheer brute force. And third, comes the class to which Lya belongs, the woman who gives herself only when her heart is in the gift.

In Hungary, at the autumn festival, when the grapes are gathered and crushed into heavy, fragrant wine by the strong feet of the peasant girls, an elderly nobleman becomes infatuated with Lya and asks her to become his wife. She accepts since life and loving hold no more interest for her. She goes to the old count's castle to stay until her wedding day and just as her life seems about to be settled in quiet, luxurious surroundings, Joseph steps in again.

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This picture is appealing, romantic, wistful. It is filled with an elusive sort of beauty and heartache—all the way through. The director, Nils Olaf Chrisander has shown rare restraint and a fine, natural method of handling his characters.

This is the sort of film that makes you forget the dull round of ordinary duties. It is as pleasant as a dream with its ivy-covered castle, round towers, moonlit nights. And over all the intense love which exists between Schildkraut and Lya de Putti is so well portrayed that it steals out beyond the curtain and satisfies the hearts of the audience.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

When Mary Roberts Rinehart turned out the "Cat and the Canary" she wrote the best mystery play that ever reached Broadway. And what ingredients she used! As spooky an old house as ever I saw; the dying recluse—an eccentric rich man; black-robed monsters; escaped convicts; sliding panels; jealous relatives and the silent, gliding "Mammy" Pleasant who with one dark look can make the shivers run down your spine.

A fine setting for a murder—but an eerie place for that radiant, golden-haired Laura La Plante. Well, that's the way she feels about it, too. And even with a diamond necklace thrown in—on top of all the money of her deceased relative—Laura is anxious only to get away from that queer old house—and stay away.

In nearly every mystery play that reaches the screen, you can guess who the villain is before five hundred feet of film roll by. But not in the "Cat and the Canary". First I thought it was "Mammy" Pleasant. Martha Mattox played this role and carried off the acting honors. But it wasn't Martha. Next I thought it must be Harry—Arthur Edmund Carewe. He usually is, you know. And finally I couldn't tie it to anybody else so I picked on Flora Finch and the milkman. But I was wrong on all counts.

No indeed, I'm not going to tell you who it was. You just go and find out for yourself. Maybe it was Laura La Plante. I've always had my suspicions about these golden-haired beauties. They've had entirely too much vogue lately. It's time for the brunettes to have a chance.

Well, anyhow, the "Cat and the Canary" is the best mystery story I've ever seen on the screen. And that's saying a lot—after all the good ones that have come before.

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER

Maybe you thought Tom Mix had shot up all the bad 'uns west of the Missouri. There's a heap of 'em left. This time it's the gas house gang of the desert that hangs out at Red River.

A new angle in westerns. You first see Tom Mix as a boy—played by a favorite of mine, Johnny Downs. His childhood sweetheart, later Marjorie Daw, is little Virginia Marshall.

When Tom comes of gun totin' age, he's a Texas Ranger in the Red River district, and Marjorie in in the hands of the outlaws. Now go on from there.

However, you're due for some surprises. Tom stages a one man Charge of the Light Brigade. Stages is right. He drives a stage coach down hill, without horses into the stockade of the bandits to open a breach in their fortification.

This horseless business, of course, gets Tony's dander up. So he proceeds to show that, in the long run, a Ranger's best friend is his pinto.

Scenically, quite an eyeful, too. Out where the sand dunes begin and keep on



© Laura La Plante keeping in trim for "Finder's Keepers".

going. Plenty of gun play, hard riding, villainy, and sagebrush romance. A real Tom Mix western.

ALL ABOARD

Johnny Hines in Egypt! Ever figure that you'd see Johnny getting chummy with the Pyramids and laughing sheiks right out of their well known night shirts? 'S fact! When Sleik meets Sheik the sands of the desert haven't a chance to grow cold.

Johnny, who as you know can talk or jig a bird off a branch, talks himself into a job with a travel bureau. His big selling point is a shorter route to the Pyramids, all done on a map. It wins him an Egyptian tour to conduct.

There's many a slip 'twixt map and Pyramid. Also a Sheik—you know the kind I mean—those brown, flowing robed boys whose day is not complete without abducting some fair white girl. How those bronzed boys prefer blondes!

The gel, this time, is Edna Murphy. Yo Ali! as the camel drivers say. They're off!

This isn't one of those travel pictures. You know Johnny. He doesn't aim to educate. He aims to make you laugh. Personally I'm glad he's taken a fall out of those desert lady-killers. They've put it over our boys long enough.

"All Aboard" is a train full of laughs. Get yourself a ticket and go on down to the film depot for a real joy ride.

THE HEART OF THE YUKON

Just in time for the hot weather. Snow, and plenty of it. But a story you'll warm to. Alaska in the gold rush days. All the glamor of a decade we all would like to see lived over. Frost-bitten prospectors, saloons, dance hall girls, the heroine from the East, ruthless villains and chivalrous men.

You've seen pretty Anne Cornwall in a lot of good comedies. Now you have an opportunity to see her in a dramatic role, first as a homely New England girl, and then transformed into a butterfly of the North. You'll like her better than ever.

Russell Simpson you know of old in these tales of the snow country. Give him a beard, a mackinaw, nail studded boots, a snowstorm and a fight and he'll make you sit up and shiver.

Frank Campeau, too, is an old hand at the rough and ready stuff. John Bowers has the lead. All in all, good troupers in an exciting Alaskan melodrama.

The Stage Coach—Continued from page 77

everybody feels pretty good before the show opens. There is a new frenzy—not the one of bitterness—but the fever of just before opening night. And then comes opening night of the try-out.

At the opening night, everything goes dead wrong. The electricians miss their cues and leave the stage dark for one of your best mechanical effects. Your leading lady forgets her two songs and fakes them. Costumes haven't arrived, and the girl who was to play the flapper is lucky if she can borrow the comedian's beard to keep from appearing naked. Sets don't come, scenes don't come—and therefore they don't go—your Atlantic City audience puts thumbs down and before you know it, New York has a report that the show is hopeless.

It looks that way, when that seemingly never-descending curtain comes down, to the authors and the producers, too. They feel pretty blue, but they wear sickly grins and congratulate each other. They sit up until five, ripping scenes out, writing new ones to be played the next night, reconstructing finales, giving notices to singers and what-not. The morning papers come: the reviews are bad. They call a ten a. m. rehearsal for the new stuff and it goes on that night. That night, Tuesday, the audience comes in, sees the show and applauds every number. You hear them say, "Wonder why the reviewers panned this?" You get together again and have a couple of beers.

Wednesday matinee and night, with a few more changes, the show glides along smoothly before cheering audiences. Thursday—oh, those awful Thursday audiences!—the same show that brought cheers and laughter drops dead. You sit up with it Thursday night and you switch scenes from the first act to the second and vice versa. The show moves. You apply some more pulmotors Friday and Saturday and feel pretty confident.

Sunday you are traveling back to New York. On the train the panic seizes you. You say, "Suppose we did this?" You try that Sunday night, but Monday morning you see your mistake and put the old stuff back again. Tuesday you take more stuff out and put it right back. And Tuesday night, before a distinguished audience you open.

You are standing way in the back, having sneaked in after the audience was seated. You have no idea how anything will be received. The show starts and laughter be-

gins. Applause for the songs, laughter for the sketches. The first act moves speedily, prettily. The audience likes the show. You tell yourself you knew it all the time. Then something happens to the first act finale. The dancers lag when speed is needed, the orchestra slows up to catch the dancers, you feel the act sinking. You sneak out in the alley as the curtain comes, and wipe the honest sweat from your brow. You and your collaborator meet back stage and cry, "They like it."

The second act is too long—it always is opening night—and is therefore slow. Musical numbers follow each other too rapidly. They are received well, but you realize that you will have to take some of the skits in the first act and put them into the second. Finally, it is over. There is a lot of applause, mainly from friends of the performers, but it fools you.

You sneak out again, and you and your collaborator sit up waiting for the reviews. At five the morning papers are out. Your first buy is the American and Joe Mulvaney says, "Show brisk, buoyant and clever." You toast Joe's health and turn to the World. Mr. Woolcott much to your indignation, doesn't like the revue. You get indignant and roast Mr. Woolcott for not appreciating fine points. Percy Hammond says "So-so". You turn a little sick.

Finally, the evening papers come out and tell you what a great show you have. "Gay, romping and rollicking" says the Evening World. "Amusing sketches and clever dancing make for first-class revue", says the Sun. The Post fairly raves. You sit back and wonder.

You sit back and wonder—but you don't know. You only hope that more people read the reviews that said you were good than those which didn't like you. Your second night audience is enthusiastic. You keep writing stuff for Willie Collier to do. Collier has been called in at the last minute in one of those panicky moods. You write lines at 7:30 and Collier reads them at 8:30.

By your second week things begin to shape up and you think you have a show. But you don't know yet. And, after all, no matter what Woolcott or Mulvaney or even the dramatic department of SCREENLAND says, results only count. And the final result, as we write this on Friday, June 10, is not only in the laps of the gods, but in the tastes of the audiences.

May McAvoy--Fightin' Lassie—Cont. from page 57

she intimated that the aforementioned outburst might have been due to some extent to the fact that she nearly became a school ma'am once.

The critics however still pointed the I-told-you-so digit.

But May won her battle. Furthermore, she didn't have to use the well-known oaken cudgel. Her precious vanity case contains no such sinister implement. Her stature was no handicap. She towered above it.

Prefacing her recent victory, she reached toward the histrionic freedom for which she was yearning in "Lady Windermere's Fan," adapted from Oscar Wilde's story demonstrating how significant in the scheme of life even a modest little fan can be. Another triumph was scored in "The Fire Brigade," produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in which Charles Ray plays oppo-

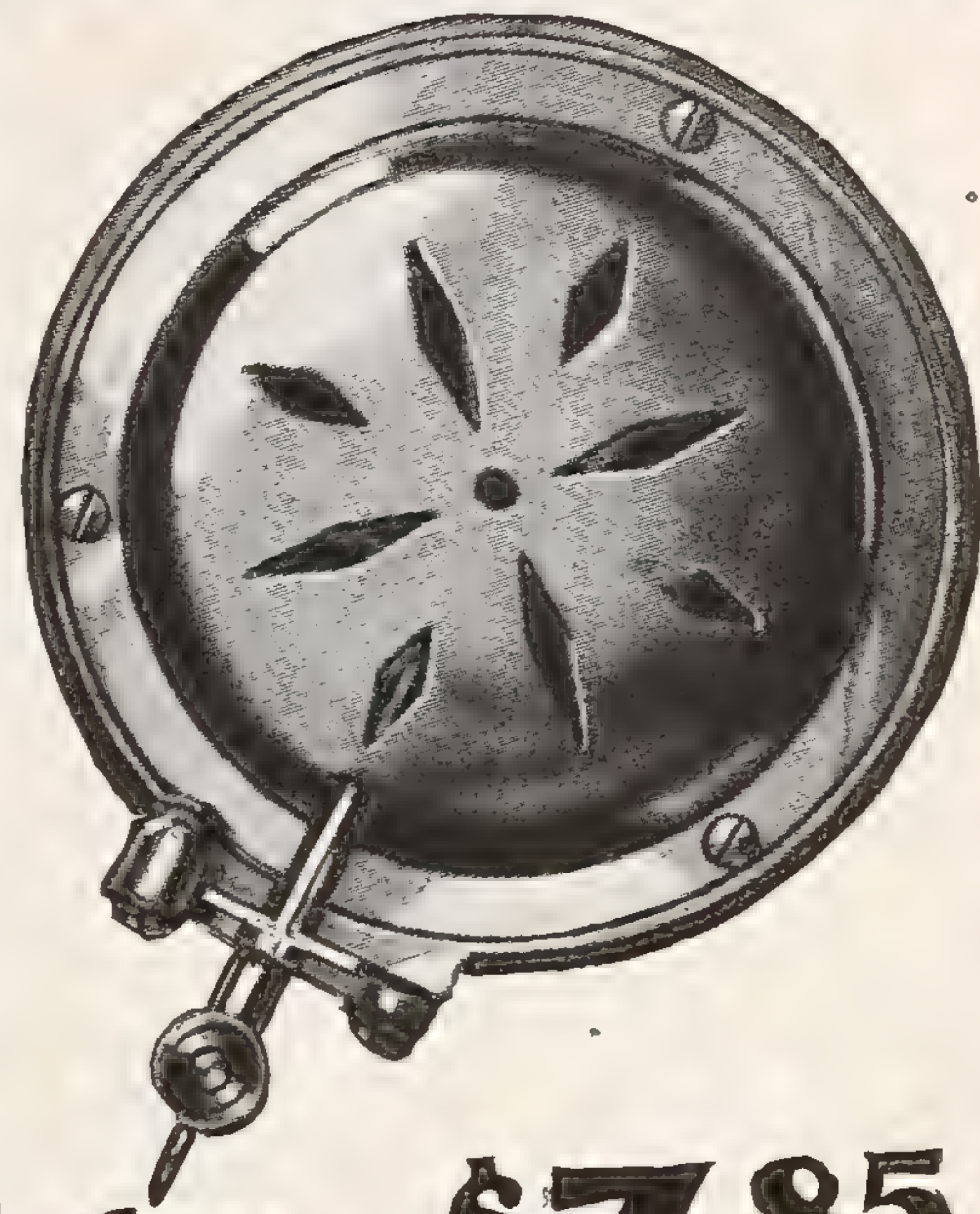
site her.

Now there's a greater twinkle in May's eyes. She's as happy as a songster released from a cage. No longer the unsophisticated ingenue, but the worldly wise feminine star in "Matinee Ladies", and with a five-year starring contract with Warner Brothers in her hand which gives her a voice in the selection of her pictures.

It's a far cry from the schools of New York City where she poured over all manner of books with the expectation of teaching, to fame and the realization of cherished ambitions before the trying motion picture camera and the much more fastidious theatregoing public.

But if anyone wants advice, take it from May. Set your heart on your desires, don't be handicapped by size, and wield the shillelah if it's necessary!

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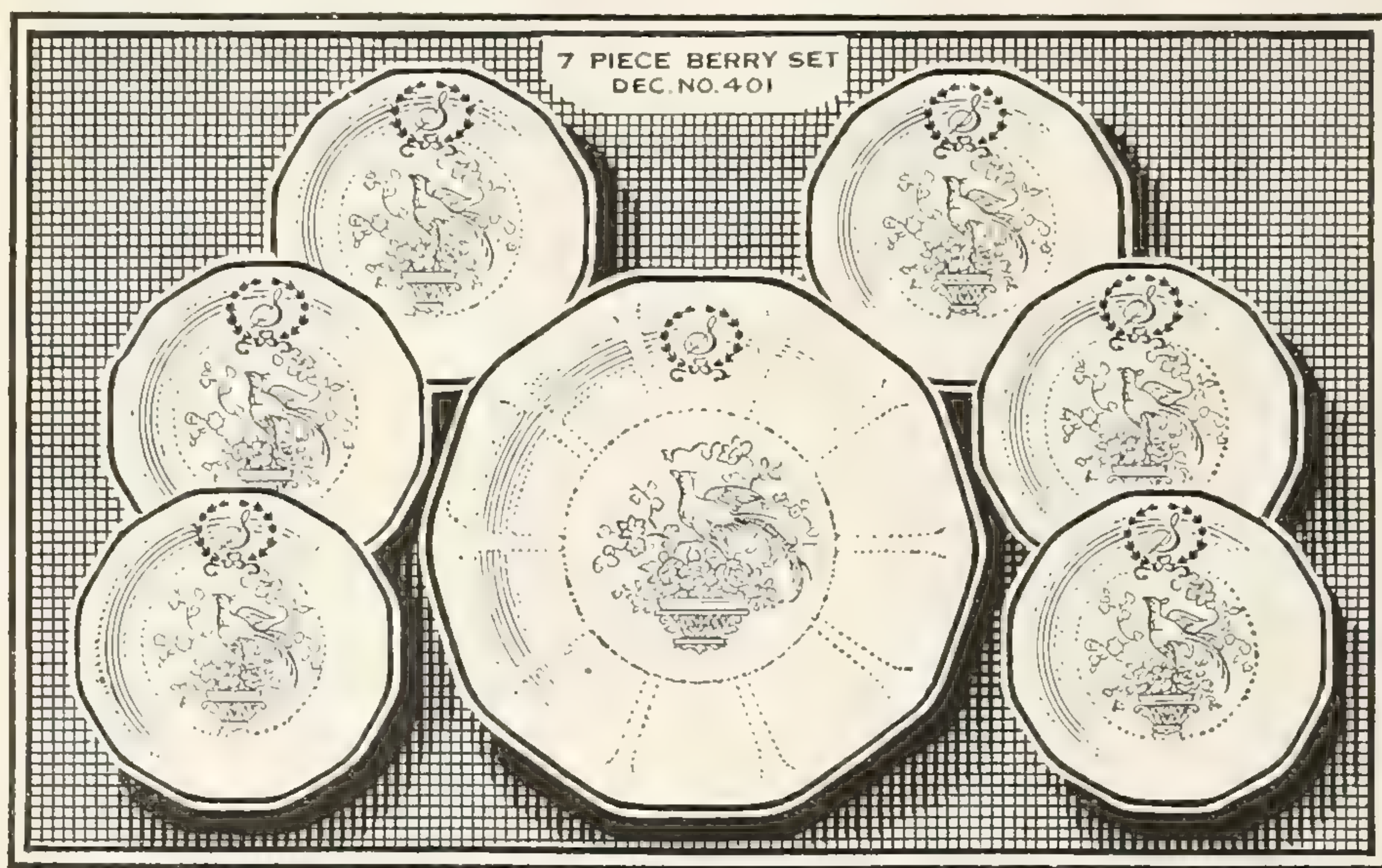
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The Adventure of the Minister's Daughter

(Continued from page 31)

thrills for Helen! Would she play crack-the-whip with Jack Duffy and the Christie girls in a scene in front of the cameras? Yes she would and how!

Having the most glorious time of her life, Helen only thought of being able to return home and tell the folks there of her wonderful experience. But her movie career was not destined to be so short lived as that.

Let it here be pointed out to those who have not already noticed it, that little girls are not born into the world with little tags on them saying, "This one for Christie Comedies", "This one for the Follies", and so on—they have to be found by someone who will recognize their possibilities and give them a chance. Many girls who yearn fiercely to be movie actresses but who are not so fitted have to be turned down by the producers, and many other beautiful creatures who should be in the movies are as shy as the more or less well known gazelle, so the producer has a very difficult job indeed to actually find new and beautiful talent. It so happens that Mr. Al Christie is always on the lookout for new faces for his comedies. By mentioning the names of present day stars who once worked in their obscurity in Christie Comedies it would not be difficult to prove that he is something of a picker. As a matter of fact girls are spotted in revues, or, due to the popularity nowadays of the healthy outdoor type, a great many are graduated from the various beaches near Los Angeles to the studios. Frances Lee, Bobby Vernon's leading lady, was Billy Dooley's dancing partner in vaudeville, and Al Christie signed them both after seeing them at the Orpheum. Anne Cornwall, now a star in her own comedies as well as a bright name in feature pictures, once posed for children's styles. Jane Manners and Lorraine Eddy, new additions to the Christie girls, were seen by Mr. Christie in the Hollywood Music Box Revue. Doris Dawson, another beautiful newcomer, doubled her hands for closeups when a particularly beautiful pair were required.

So it was that Mr. Christie noticed the new face among the girls when the scenes in which Helen Fairweather frolicked with the athletic girls and Jack Duffy were shown in the projection room. And so it was that she was brought to the attention of the famous Mr. Christie. Having decided to



Q Maria Corda, who is a leader of fashion in Hollywood, will next be seen in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy".



Shirley Dorman a new Paramount find.

add this new young lady to the roster of Christie beauties, the next thing was to find her, for, in the hustle and bustle of making pictures no one had secured Helen's phone number!

Three days after opportunity had, so to speak, splashed Miss Fairweather when she was enjoying a seaside vacation and had said "Now you chase Me"—a slightly awed young lady inquired at the Christie Studio about a certain picture in which Jack Duffy played crack-the-whip with a lot of young ladies on the beach. She would like to know the name of it so that when it came to Des Moines she could go to see it. And then it was that the girl at the information desk recognized her and led her to Mr. Christie's office.

So there are three reasons why Helen Fairweather never returned to Des Moines from her California vacation. They are, a bathing suit, chance, and Al Christie.

Extra Lovin'

(Continued from page 35)

optical trouble.

"Young lady," said he after the day's shooting was over. "I hope you're going to be a steady customer with us."

Sally had been in the movies about a month before she found enough courage to tell Mum and Dad and then she wished she hadn't.

They told her she wasn't decent. . . that she was a disgrace to the name of Malloy. . . that it was only a matter of time when she'd be contaminated. They begged, they threatened, they cried and then one day Mum went over to Long Island to see if she couldn't personally enlist the sympathy of the Manager or whoever it was that was corrupting her daughter's future.

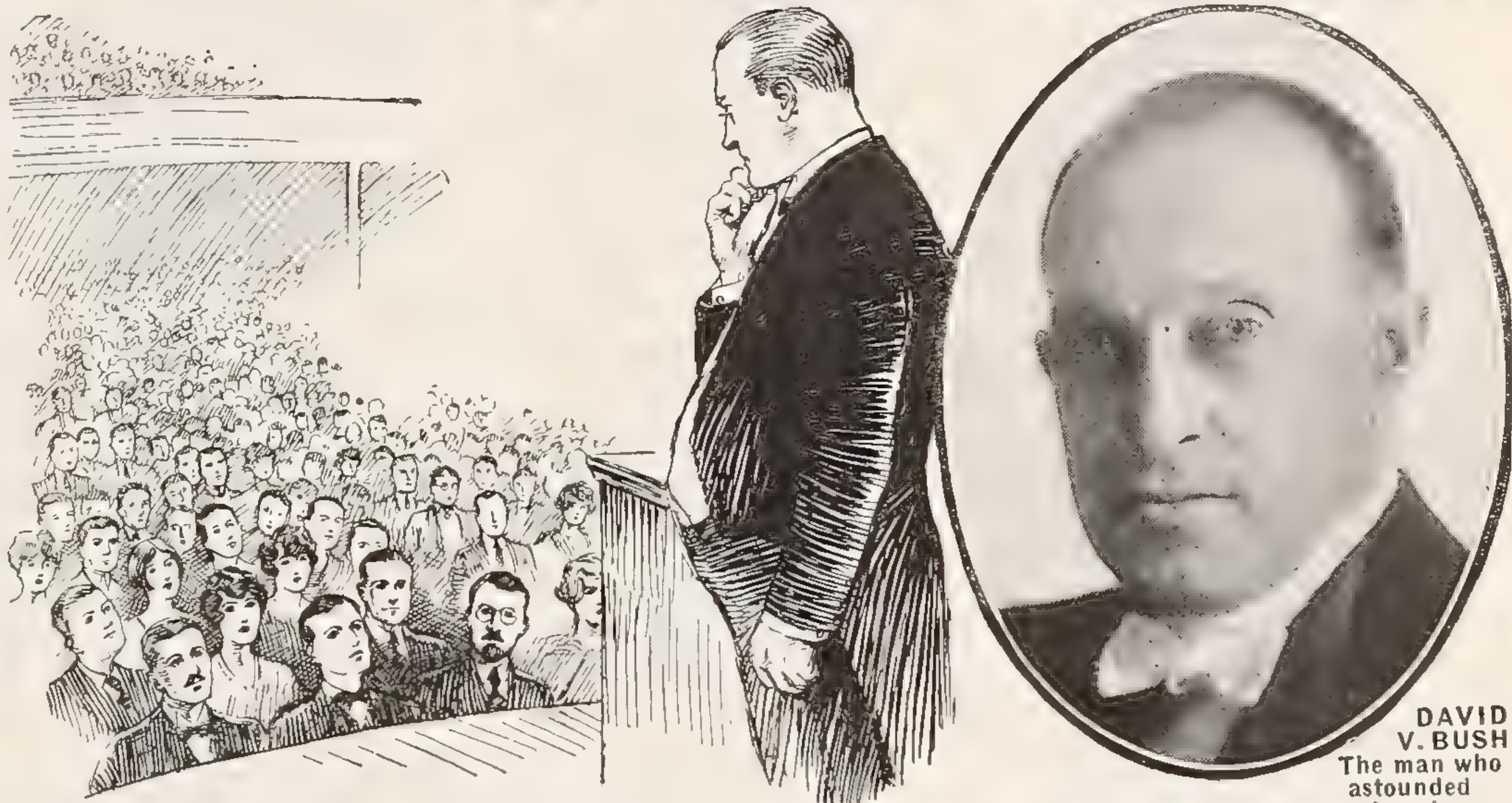
And Mum met Old Eagle Eye and found him to be a "Perfect Gentleman."

"Your daughter," said he "is as safe with us as she'd be in church. . . what's more you mustn't stand between her and a big career. She's got talent and I feel safe in saying that in a couple of years she'll make a name for herself and a lot of money for you."

They talked on and then he almost knocked Mum out of her chair: "You've never thought of going into pictures yourself, Mrs. Malloy?" said he.

"Who me?" gasped Mum.

I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience



But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed me the way to banish excess fat—forever!

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience!

In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You — David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people's inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce", simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. H-608, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

David V. Bush
Dept. H-608, 225 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I may return treatment and you will refund my money at once.

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Address

City..... State.....

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will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

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It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

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You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

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You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

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Men as well as women use Eau de Henna to advantage.

"You're still a very beautiful woman," said Old Eagle Eye. "You've no idea how difficult it is to find women of refinement, grace, charm and inherent good breeding . . . and so on."

And when that afternoon Mum went back and told Dad that she had gone over to the enemy, Dad hit the ceiling.

Poor Dad. In the days that followed, he felt that he had lost the last friend he ever had. He felt like a poor relation. His wife and daughter were independently earning their own livings. Making much more individually than he had for all three of them. There was a cook in the house and Mum, with all the drudgery off her shoulders, bloomed again radiantly.

Then Dad was laid off and finally let go . . . Younger men were coming along behind him and he couldn't keep up the pace.

Poor Dad. He tried to get another job but men of fifty don't fit easily anywhere . . . Poor Dad.

And then one day in his utter loneliness, and feeling like a charity patient he went over to Long Island and sat on a bench in Old Eagle Eye's waiting room.

All about him were fat men, thin men, short men, tall men, bow-legged men and knock kneed men. He took his place amongst them patiently waiting till it came his turn to meet the eye of the Old Eagle. Then to his great surprise he saw that Old Eagle Eye was a young man of thirty, keen intelligent, cultured.

"You've come between me and my wife and my daughter," said Dad brokenly "You've ruined our home. . . once happy . . . I'm a lonely old man and I don't know what to do with myself. . . I'm no actor. Never acted in my life, but I thought you might be able to fit me in somewhere . . . anywhere at any salary. I'm willing to learn . . . Only give me a job near my wife and daughter . . . I don't want to be separated from them."

Old Eagle Eye stretched out his hand . . . "You aren't going to be separated from them . . . I was coming over to see you this evening . . . We're all going out to the coast next week . . . and we're not going to be separated . . . Sally and I are going to be married."



Ann Rork looks out upon a rose-colored world these days. She is engaged to Robert Agnew.

Let SCREENLAND help you to decide what pictures you will enjoy. Read SCREENLAND every month for its well written PRE-VIEWS.

Screen News from Broadway

Continued from page 8

shopping, of course. The former Daisy Danziger is a social light in California and maintains her reputation as one of the best-dressed women of the film colony. Mrs. Tony is a distinguished brunette, and, like Mrs. King Vidor, uses make-up sparingly, if at all. The Moreno picture plans depend upon what good parts come his way. Tony is a free-lance now, and he can pick and choose his roles.

* * *

Before Mrs. Tom Mix sailed for Europe with her little daughter, Tomasina, she emphatically denied that she was going to seek a divorce from the western star in Paris. A vacation, and nothing else, said Mrs. Mix. Big Tom is said to have slipped Mrs. Tom a check for a hundred thousand dollars when he said goodbye to her in Hollywood. Whoop-ee!

* * *

Not since the majestic Strongheart first paraded Fifth Avenue has a canine attracted such attention as the bow-wow star of Captain Jack Robertson's feature, "Alaskan Adventures". Wrongstart, the winning little woof-woof who trails along so gaily in the outdoor picture, was stopped on every block by admiring fans who had seen him in the film and also had witnessed his "personal appearance" at the Roxy Theatre. He barked and wagged his appreciation, and also offered to autograph any photos with an obliging paw.

* * *

Two screen stars whose past performances have given pleasure to thousands will soon be entertaining New York audiences from the stage: Baby Peggy, that winsome child who used to be runner-up for Jackie Coogan's juvenile screen honors, will make her bow in vaudeville on Broadway. Roscoe Arbuckle, the famous "Fatty" whose antics once convulsed us, will, according to report, make a come-back in a revival of "Baby Mine".

* * *

Hurrah! If all goes well Harold Lloyd will come to New York to make most of his next comedy. The story calls for a background of baseball at the Yank's Stadium and Coney Island at the height of the summer season. So Harold and his company, composed of director Ted Wilde and several "gag men", will be entraining for Manhattan very soon. He has not yet selected a leading woman to succeed Jobyna Ralston. The job is still, at this writing, open. Step right up, girls!

The Grand Jury

(Continued from page 20)

in a competition which was sex of one and a half dozen of the other.

It has been found that in 9691 cases out of a ten thousand the cutie is at heart a darn nice girl and the moment the sheik loses himself and becomes absorbed in the picture she finds him much more attractive to her. And in the twilight of the picture theatre she leans comforted against his Hart-Schaffner and Marx, certain in her knowledge that he has a heart to feel with and content to lose him to the picture for the nonce—for she too will have her nonces.

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please

Wear what you please

Do what you please

Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus a few cents postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



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Read What Fayro Baths Have Done For Others

"Three Fayro baths have reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

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THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN learned the secret. Her story is interesting. It will solve your problem, no matter what your age or the cause of your flat figure.

"It is almost two years since I first used *The National*. I am happy to say that the results are permanent, for my development is just the same and my figure is even better than ever. I do appreciate so much what the *National* has done for me. I have proven that any woman can have a beautiful bust if she will only use the *National*. Friends envy my perfect figure."

How Dorothy Stahl brought her figure back until it is even more perfectly developed than ever, is what every unde-

veloped girl or woman will want to know.

If you wish to learn how she produced the beautiful development shown in her photograph, write us at once. All this charm of perfect womanhood can be yours—all the beauty and captivating grace that is your birthright—all the artful, delicate allurements that make you first a woman—God's Masterpiece—Man's Idol. You can be made perfect in your witching beauty.

This method is within the reach of every woman. It can be used in the secrecy of your own room. If not delighted with results in 30 days, your money is cheerfully refunded. There is no other method as safe, effective, harmless and sure.

Send your name and address today, enclosing 4c stamps, if you wish this information sent under sealed postage. We will send surprising photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, all sent under plain wrapper.

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BATHING FIGURES DON'T LIE!

Yes sir, the good old summer time is here! And won't it be a thrill to rip off the old shirt, step out of those clumsy trousers, slip on a cool, comfortable bathing suit—and take a grand dip into the ocean! Oh boy—and won't you get a wonderful kick out of strolling along the beach—swinging two brawny arms with chest high, shoulders squared, body erect, displaying a figure just rippling with handsome, supple muscles.

SORRY to say—fellows—but there's another side to that story! And many of you know it only too well. You know what a different sensation is experienced when you reluctantly drag yourself into a half-filled bathing suit. You know how self-conscious you become—when you have to display long, skinny arms, thin bony legs—a caved-in chest, bent shoulders—and a scrawny, stooping figure. You'll admit that there's no glory in that.

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I GUARANTEE to set things right for you—and give you a body that you can justly be proud of. I want to prove to you that I'm no vain boaster—that I have succeeded in making thousands of half-dead human wreckages—into strong, vibrant, self-confident, winning men.

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It's a regular inspirer—and you'll be thrilled with every one of its pages—alive with amazing photographs. Take my word for it—you'll never regret receiving it—and the day the postman brings it to your door, will mark the turning point of your life. Remember—DO IT NOW!

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The Ideal of the Intelligencia

(Continued from page 52)

express more pathos than the swimming eyes of the greatest tragediennes who ever lived.

It is amazing to realize that this fragile, flower-like, dainty little woman is one of the best "business men" in pictures and that she can direct as well as those who direct her. She is a tradition because through all the artistic chaos she has remained unchanged. Her work has grown finer, she has reached new heights of emotion. From a production standpoint she has branched out in "La Boheme" and "The Scarlet Letter", but she has sought no new forms in which to express her art.

I told her that I believe that she, and she alone, had avoided the new modes of expression.

She corrected me on that. "The screen, itself, has no new forms," she said. "Every now and then someone comes forward and announces that a new directorial technique has been discovered. Feverishly, the public and the critics pounce upon it for analysis. We who have been on the screen for years know that no attempt at novelty has yet been made.

"Years ago we all indulged in what is now called repressed acting. Then we decided that the public was growing tired of the starry eyes and the half gestures and we changed our methods. The movies should move, we argued, so we began to pantomime wildly.

"A few years later, Charles Chaplin produced 'The Woman of Paris' and everyone heralded it as something new come to the cinema.

"A few changes have been made, but they are so very few that they do not need consideration.

"Every other form of art has branched out and has tried new technique, new expressions. The modern school has touched music, art, literature. It has kept its hands off the cinema.

"Screen stories are simple, direct, definite! The subtle touches which are so commented upon now, were used by directors years ago. Oh, occasionally we put in a futuristic background or placed the camera at an unusual angle, but acting and directing has remained the same.

"The best pictures that were made years ago compare favorably with those made now. The technical end of the work has changed. Photography, cutting, makeup has all improved, but the forms remain the same.

"There is a definite reason for this. The pictures are such a new art that the public has not had a chance to grow tired of them in their present form. And I believe that it will be many, many years before the cinema will have to find a new method of expression.

"Painting, music, literature have been arts for hundreds of years. It is time that they changed, but the screen has gained by the chaotic state of other arts. The simplicity and directness of the cinema is a welcome relief."

That, then, is one of the reasons that Lillian Gish is in the cinematic Hall of Fame. Her simplicity and her charm come to the intelligencia as a welcome relief.

Lillian Gish is an analyst and technician. She has no illusions about the cinema. She admits, quite frankly, that it was for purely economic reasons that she and her sister, Dorothy, went to a studio one day with

their friend, Mary Pickford, in search of work.

I feel sure that even then when, as a mere child, Lillian Gish found herself a motion picture actress she began a systematic study of the work. Her work grows and expands, because she is like a builder or a mason. She is not one to confuse art and inspiration. Her work is the work of a master craftsman. Some actors who have not the background of technique that Lillian Gish has, find that they can do their best work without rehearsals. They are carried along by inspiration merely, which is not a very secure chariot. Lillian Gish's work improves with each performance.

You know, of course, that John S. Robertson directed her in "Annie Laurie". When I watched her do a scene it seemed to me that something of the general atmosphere of a movie set was lacking. I wondered if they were using a different kind of camera, because its grinding seemed to make more noise than the other sets. Then I realized that this company was working without music.

Every other company at M.G.M. employs two, sometimes three, musicians to play while the actors are before the camera. I asked Lillian Gish about this.

"Music distracts both Mr. Robertson and me," she said. "In the old days we had nothing to stir the senses. It is the common theory that music puts you in the

mood, but when I have music I cannot judge my work. I don't know whether I am really in the part or whether the music makes me think I am. Only in the sentimental scenes do we have a musician. Then we play 'Annie Laurie' very softly. Sometimes we use no music for even these scenes. Usually my work is better without it."

You see now, don't you, what a craftsman she is. I have known actresses and actors, too, who use every sort of stimulant to make them act, perfume, color, music, everything to tickle the senses. Lillian Gish's work is of such quality that it can stand alone, without outside aid. In spite of the fact that she does not indulge in new forms she improves steadily even after the years that she has been a star. No mad inspired genius she, who flashes across the screen with meteoric brilliancy and rapidity. Lillian Gish is a tradition and traditions last. She is a craftsman and craftsmen grow more and more sure of themselves and of their work. She is a builder who builds mansions of art.

Like the screen, Lillian Gish needs no new forms of expression. Her simple, delightful, gentle, direct, definite approach has put her on the pedestal where she now stands. A perfect technician, a great artist, a master builder, a business woman, a thoughtful student, a demure, dainty little woman—there is reason for Lillian Gish's being Hollywood's favorite tradition.

Chatter from Hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

Charlie does not work steadily. You see Charlie works by inspiration while, if you'll pardon me, other stars work by perspiration."

Mr. Schenck said he would give Chaplin \$1,000,000 to make a picture for him. "The Gold Rush", he said, has taken in about \$2,700,000 of which Chaplin gets about eighty per cent. This applies to the Chaplin Companies and not the comedian personally, he explained.

No matter what has been printed, Tom Mix and Mrs. Mix are not going to get a divorce. It is true that Tom made a settlement of \$445,000 on her in addition to her jewels before she left for Europe, but when she comes back they will be together again. Mrs. Mix left here to recuperate from an operation, for which her physician had advised, first of all, a sea voyage. She was accompanied by her daughter, Thomasina; her mother, Mrs. Eugene Fords and by Mrs. Lynn Reynolds, widow of the late Universal director.

Tom is very devoted to his wife and their closest friends say there is absolutely no truth to the rumors of a separation.

In Hollywood we all like Tom and his wife too very much. And we know that they are just the extraordinary Mixes and that they are much too sensible to part.

Wedding bells rang in Hollywood this month for Sarah Adele Farnum, daughter of William Farnum, and William G. Tuttle, who is not of the motion pictures, but is a petroleum engineer.

The marriage took place at Farnum's home here and the couple departed on a brief honeymoon from which they will re-

turn to live in Los Angeles.

Fame is a mixed blessing to Mary Pickford, especially on Sunday. I am told that Mary finds it impossible to attend the same church for any length of time because her presence is ferreted out and crowds block the doorway when she tries to leave.

A Hollywood director, who told me this fact about Mary, says that motion picture extras found that he was going to a certain church, promptly joined it and were the first to give him the hand of fellowship. Just as promptly they tried to use the connection to get a job, he said.

The slender boy prince in Billie Dove's new picture, "The Stolen Bride", is Winston Miller, brother of Patsy Ruth, of whom his director says many fine things. This is not Winston's first role, but it is his most important one, requiring the sangfroid of a worldly princeling. To the demands on his acting talent are added the horrors of managing for the first time. I watched young Miller work the other day and he shows a marked talent. Patsy is very proud of him.

She, by the way, is preserving great secrecy about a young man, not in motion pictures, with whom she has been going lately. Nobody in Hollywood even knows his name, but they say Pat is serious for the first time. I asked her about it, but she wouldn't talk . . . if you know Pat that's something radical.

Chuck Reisner, now directing Buster Keaton, received notice this month that he appears to the only heir to the \$240,000 estate of a distant relative. The estate includes several motion picture theatres as well as other valuable real estate.



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Ask Me—Continued from page 4

man again, don't you—in "The Dove"? The Talmadge-Roland combination is a good one. Marion Davies is not married. Her latest films are "Tillie the Toiler", "Quality Street" and "Dumb Dora"—the first and last from newspaper comic strips, the second from J. M. Barrie's famous play.

Dolores Admirer. Miss del Rio, or should I say Senorita, is a Mexican girl of a distinguished family. Her husband's name is Jaime del Rio. She was discovered by director Edwin Carewe when he was on location in her home town, Mexico City. She came with her husband to Hollywood and almost from the very start, made a great hit in films. Her outstanding performances have been in "What Price Glory", "Resurrection", "Carmen", and "Ramona". She was scheduled to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho", but instead is to be starred by United Artists. So Eve Southern gets the part opposite Mr. Fairbanks. Lucky break for both girls.

Martha of Columbus. I wouldn't ask your boy friend his pet method with a girl. He might answer, "The pet method", and then what would you do? So Lloyd Hughes is your beau ideal. You couldn't pick a nicer idol. Young Mr. Hughes is just about everything the clean-cut star should be. He's the devoted husband of Gloria Hope, who gave up her own screen career to be his wife and the mother of little Donald Hughes. Lloyd works at the same studio with Colleen Moore—First National, Burbank, Cal. Miss Moore is soon to step out into real emotional drama—"Lilac Time" is her next. It's a heavy part but I know Colleen can do it. She can play any old kind of rôle, that girl. A born trouser. Come again.

Florence D., Brooklyn. You and James Murray, the new Vidor discovery, have the same favorite—John Barrymore. Lots of young actors look up to Barrymore; but you can look up to him even if you're not a young actor, it seems. John makes pictures for United Artists. He was born in 1882; he is the younger member of the famous Barrymore trio—Ethel and Lionel are the others. Lionel doesn't divulge his age. If you haven't seen any pictures of Barrymore in SCREENLAND, you should have those pretty little eyes gone over. We publish plenty. This magazine no longer has a fan club department, so we cannot furnish information as to the various clubs. If you want to start a John Barrymore Fan Club, you'll just have to call together other admirers of the famous John, and start one. That's the best I can tell you. Good luck.

Chuck. If I said Harry Langdon is the funniest man in pictures, I might be cut by such readers as prefer Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton, McLean, or Hines. But I guess I can laugh as loud as I want to at Harry's pictures, and try to stop me. Yes, Clara Bow is "It's" real name. I can't send you my picture—lucky you! But write to me often, anyway.

Ethel W. Married—or shingle? Don't get yourself engaged to any man who doesn't like bobbed hair, especially when yours is already bobbed. No, I don't think long hair will ever "come back"—not to this head, anyway. Stick up for your rights, girl, and down with the hair-pins. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. He's five feet seven, weighs 135, has dark hair and brown eyes. Very nice eyes, too. Dick has. He is divorced from

Mary Hay, who has since become Mrs. Vivian Bath and moved to India to live. Baby Mary Barthelmess remains with her daddy in California. She's the apple of Dick's eye, and why not? She's a sweet baby. Jack Gilbert—who, by the way, is one of Dick's best pals—is about six feet tall. That all? That's all.

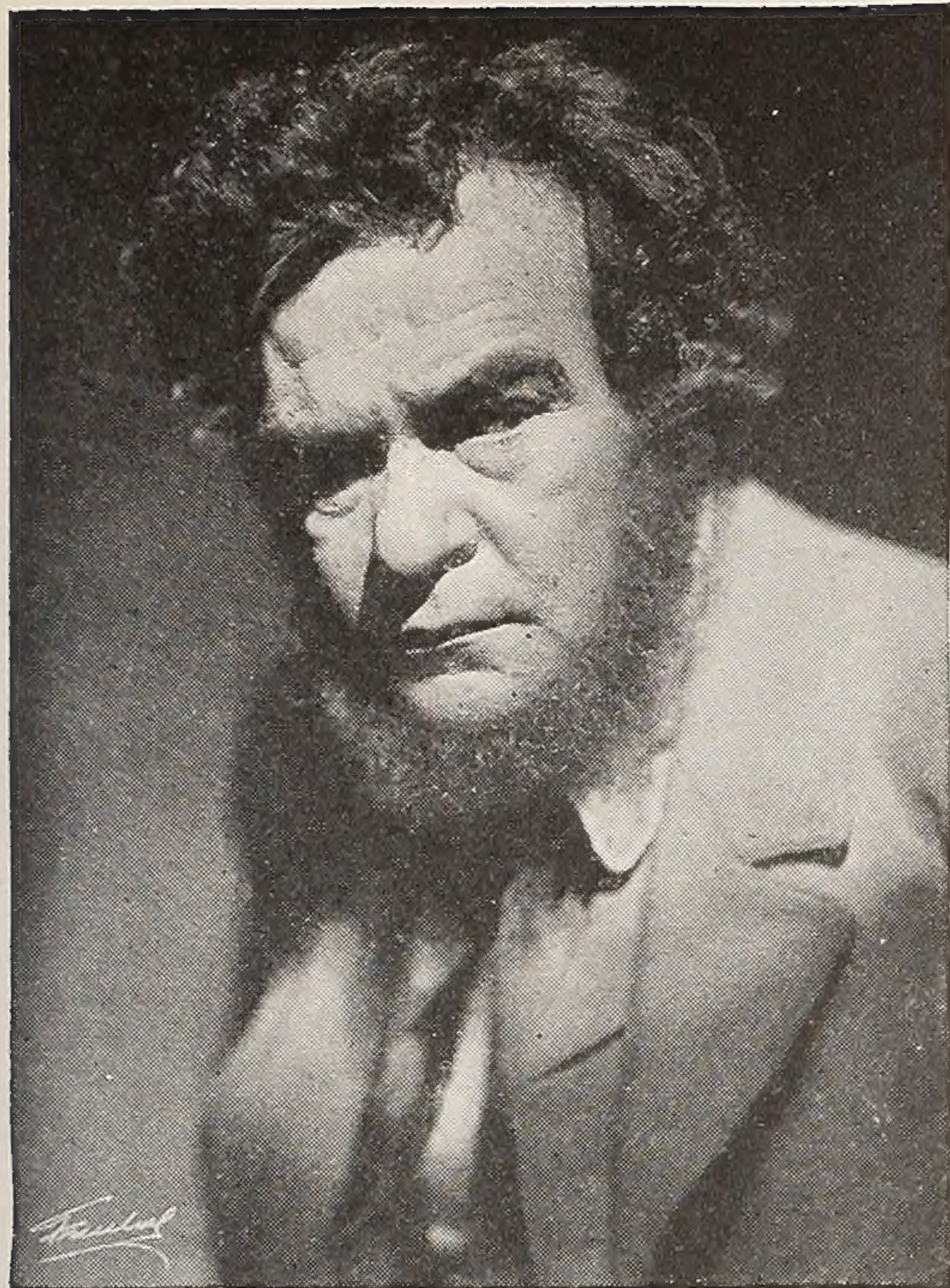
J. B., Brooklyn. You say SCREENLAND is the Magazine with "It". Do you mind if I spring that on the Editor as my own line? It might get me a raise. You're a discerning person. Many thanks for correcting me as to Clara Bow's age. You say she isn't over twenty-one. So be it. Please call on us again.

Curly Head. I hope you're a natural. Fred Thomson has joined Paramount, where he will be a premier western star. You want to know all about him? Well, that's rather a large order, as Fred is a man of many abilities and achievements. While in Princeton he distinguished himself as its finest athlete. Graduating a full-fledged minister, Thomson enlisted in the American Army as a chaplain and went overseas with the 143rd Field Artillery—of which, incidentally, Mary Pickford was honorary Colonel and godmother. After the war, Fred met his now-famous white horse. He stepped into a New York riding academy and saw a huge white steed, of the Irish Hunter breed, furiously unmanageable, as it seemed. Thomson tamed him, spanked him like a baby—and Silver King became his friend for life. Today the two share movie honors. Thomson is keenly interested in the Boy Scouts movement, and really entered pictures to help teach the youth of America the fundamentals of clean living. He now has a son of his own. Mrs. Thomson is Frances Marion, world's highest-salaried scenario writer. The Thomsons have a Spanish rancho in California. Address Fred at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. Boy—water, please!

Curiosity. Yes, the name suits you but it also suits every other one of my readers. But this month, you can have the honor of being most curious. As your favorites are Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer you should be pleased with "Old Heidelberg", which co-stars them. Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico. He has never been married. Clara Bow is not engaged right now. Yes, she has just as much pep in real life as on the screen. It doesn't seem possible, but you don't know Clara.



The girl who wins at a walk.
Who? Why, Louise Brooks.



George Siegmann whirls a wicked lash in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Virginia Lee. Tom Mix and Tony work for Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Ken Maynard, for First National, Burbank, Cal. Col. Tim McCoy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Jack Holt left Paramount but has been re-engaged for one picture, for which he will be paid ten thousand dollars, I understand. The picture is "Nevada", I think. So you can still reach Jack care Paramount Studio, Hollywood—also Fred Thomson. Richard Dix isn't married. Ralph Forbes is the husband of Ruth Chatterton, stage star. Ralph works at M-G-M, Culver City, Cal. See him in "Mr. Wu". Hope Hampton is abroad at this writing, but if you address her in care of her husband-manager, Jules Brulatour, at 1540 Broadway, it will reach her when she returns. Hope you hear from all of 'em.

Moreland S., Tampa. Walking to reduce isn't half as bad as being reduced to walking, so cheer up. I cannot give you the home addresses of the stars, as most of them prefer to keep them private. Letters addressed to the players in care of the studios almost always bring a response. It is not always necessary to enclose two-bits when asking for a photo, and if I were you, I'd write first without enclosing anything except good wishes, for many stars do not demand remuneration for gratifying their friends' desire. When they have time, the players read their fan mail. Ben Lyon, care First National, 383 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. Ben's latest are "Dance Madness", "The Tender Hour" and "Hell's Kitchen"—title of latter may be changed. I don't mind telling you that it's being reported again that Ben may soon marry Marilyn; but the next little boy or girl who asks me that question is going to get smacked, and smacked hard.

J. H., Jackson, Michigan. Yes, yes, she said wearily, Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut are, indeed, related. Son and father, J. H. Joe is married to Elise Bartlett, pretty "legit" actress, who may soon appear in a Cecil De Mille film. The Schildkrauts are Viennese. Joseph was born in Vienna. He was educated there, in Berlin and in Hamburg. He had an impressive stage career abroad. He's five feet eleven, weighs 150, has black hair and brown eyes. Address him at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Do-Do-Do, N. Y. Ah—you may soon realize your ambition of applauding Miss Gertrude Lawrence in celluloid as well as in the—ahem—flesh. The charming musical comedy star made a movietone test the other day which I hear was successful. How could it be otherwise, ask you? I know not. Gertrude also has a contract to make a picture for Cecil De Mille when her stage duties permit her to journey as far afield as California. What elegant language we are slinging! I believe Miss Lawrence has been married but is not now. I also believe she has a daughter. Lois Moran? Why, Do-Do, can it be possible you don't know our Lois? She's one of the sweetest ingenues in pictures and—now, now, wait a minute; let me finish—and she also has "It". You should see her.

W. T. Mitchell, Manassas, Va. Sorry to keep you waiting but the mail does pile up. Claire Windsor is at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal., at this writing; but I believe her contract is almost up and may not be renewed. Any letter addressed there will of course be forwarded to her home. Miss Windsor doesn't divulge her age, but I assume she must be in her late twenties. If I assume too much I hope Claire will forgive me. I'm sure she will, for she has a lovely, sunny disposition. If I were you, Mr. Mitchell, I should write to her direct, and I feel sure your request will be complied with.

Verona, St. Louis. You are another Pride of St. Louis, I take it. At any rate, the town should be proud of such an inquisitive young lady. You ask me, Verona, for no less than two dozen addresses. I'll compromise by giving you a half-dozen. Dolores Costello, Warner Brothers, Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree, John Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Norman Kerry, Universal, Universal City, Cal. Greta Nissen, Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Dix, Paramount, Hollywood, Cal.

Florence, Sapulpa, Okla. Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., blessed with the good Irish name of Virginia Noonan—"Chotsie" for short. She was educated at the Notre Dame Convent in N. Y. C. Her father was the late Judge Thomas Noonan of New Jersey; her mother was a well-known opera singer. So, when fate approached Sally with tempting offers of a screen career, the child was all ready with plenty of inherited pep and talent. Her mother was a direct descendent of the famous Costello family, Irish actors who played all over the world. It would be interesting to know if Sally is thus remotely related to Maurice, Dolores, and Helene, wouldn't it? Some geneologist had better get busy. Sally was dancing at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles one night when Marshall Neilan and his wife, Blanche Sweet, spotted her. "There's just the girl to play my 'Mike'," cried Mickey. And so Sally became a movie star. She has played in "Don't", "Sally, Irene, and Mary", "Slide, Kelly Slide", and "Frisco Sally Levy". Sally is eighteen, with Irish blue eyes and brown hair. Cinderella O'Neil is right.

C. M., Chicago. Best of luck to Miss Vee Dee and Tom Tyler, say you. Since you put it that way I can't very well refuse your request for lots of information about Tom, can I? And I'm only too glad to help you. He was born at Port Henry, N. H., twenty-two years ago. He's an expert horseman, and also holds the American and the world's record in weight-lifting in



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June Marlowe takes a professional dip in a painted ocean. Her next picture is "The Grip of the Yukon".

two events: the one hand "clean and jerk" at 240½ pounds, and the two "snatch" at 213 pounds. I don't know just what all that means but it sounds mighty important, and it must be if Tom does it. He's also considered one of the strongest men in Hollywood. I certainly won't attempt to deny this, what with all those statistics staring me in the face. As if all that weight-lifting weren't enough for one athlete, Tom has to go and play football and win fame as a track and field star. Dear me, where are my dumb-bells? Tom isn't married. He's a nice boy and F. B. O.'s big western bet.

Dot B. Don't blame you for liking Hallam Cooley; he's a good actor. He was born in New York — and by the way, I'm beginning to think that these native sons of New York City aren't as scarce as they are made out to be. He is six feet tall, weighs 165, has dark hair and dark eyes. He's with Fox, and I believe is married. Martha Sleeper is wide awake, all right; she's one of the brightest bets on the Hal Roach comedy lot. Write to her care Roach Studio, Culver City, Cal. Vera Steadman is one of the ornaments of the Christie Comedies and should be addressed at the Christie Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Marion Nixon is divorced. Laura La Plante is twenty-three. She is married to William Seiter, the director.

Tillie, Caldwell. If you're one of the "Hello Girls", you must have got a kick out of "The Telephone Girl" and "Orchids and Ermine". According to these pictures, a phone girl has lots more excitement and fun than a movie star. Why not stick to the switchboard and keep plugging? Sorry I can't give you any advice about breaking into the movies. Remember, Tillie, the voice with the smile wins, and no fooling.

Don and Annie. Vilma Banky hails from Hungary. But there's nothing Hungary about Miss Banky now. (Ouch, and a lot more Ouches. Those things just will slip out.) She is soon to be an American citizen in more ways than one. She has filed papers and has also got herself engaged to Mr. Rod La Rocque, who is so American he was, I think, born in Chicago. Perhaps even before you read this, Vilma will be Mrs. Rod La Rocque. I say per-

haps, because, although the wedding has been announced for June, picture plans sometimes are changed. Vilma and Rod are said to be very much in love with each other, and it's a very pretty romance. Think of the presents they'll get! "The Dark Angel" was Vilma's first picture in this country.

"Tod". Pearl White has forsaken America entirely, I fear. Outside of a brief visit, she has been in Paris for the past few years. She is very popular in revues in the French capital, and has not made any pictures for some time. She is not married. William Boyd is married to Elinor Faure, who was his leading lady in "The Volga Boatman" and "The Yankee Clipper". Victor Varconi is married to a charming Hungarian girl. Both the Boyds and the Varconis are proud parents. Varconi should be addressed at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. — also Big Bill Boyd, the fair-haired boy. Any cracks about Boyds in gilded cages are out.

Marion Costello. I think your friend who advised you to give up any idea of going into movies is a true friend, and wise to boot. Whatever that means. But, of course, on the other hand, your name is in your favor. Imagine discouraging anyone named Costello from a screen career! As to how to go about getting there, that's another story, and one I can't tell you because I don't know any more jokes.

Emil S., Bronx, N. Y. Phyllis Haver is with the Cecil De Mille company, and has been mentioned lately as the most likely candidate for "Rain" and "Chicago". If these two riotous plays ever get to the screen Phyllis has my vote. Address Mary Astor, First National, Burbank, Cal. Buck Jones, Fox; Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Universal. Marie Prevost, Metropolitan Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mary Pickford, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Esther Ralston, Thomas Meighan, Paramount Hollywood.

Freda P., Indiana. Betty Compson is free-lancing, these days, which means she is not under contract to any one company. Betty is still Mrs. Jimmy Cruze in private life, despite rumors to the contrary. I should think Betty would be glad to answer you if you tell her she's a beautiful girl and a good actress. I know I would.



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